

GOLD  
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

15c

HANNA-BARBERA

# THE FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES



10006-005  
MAY



## THE FLINTSTONES

## THE TOY PLOY

STOP STARING,  
FLINTSTONE! I'M NOT IN  
MY SECOND CHILDHOOD!  
THE DOLL IS FOR MY  
GRANDDAUGHTER!

TOYS  
FOR  
TOTS



HEH! HEH!  
IT'S A  
REAL  
BEAUTY,  
BOSS!



THERE'S NOTHING  
TOO GOOD FOR  
LITTLE  
GRANITA!

THAT'S  
WHAT I  
SAY ABOUT  
MY LITTLE  
PEBBLES!



JUST NAME THE TOY  
AND HER DADDY GETS  
IT FOR HER!

RIGHT! NOTHING'S  
TOO GOOD FOR  
OUR KIDS!



OF COURSE, ON MY SALARY IT ISN'T  
EASY, BUT MY PEBBLES  
MUST HAVE  
THE BEST!

I ADMIRE  
YOUR SENTIMENT!



SAY, FLINTSTONE, WHY DON'T I  
BRING LITTLE GRANITA  
OVER TO PLAY WITH  
PEBBLES?



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GOOD! I'LL BRING HER OVER IN HALF AN HOUR! WE CAN TALK OVER COMPANY AFFAIRS! IT OCCURS TO ME THAT A DEVOTED FAMILY MAN LIKE YOU SHOULD GO UP IN MY ORGANIZATION!

YES, SIR!

YABBA DABBA DOO!

WHERE'S PEBBLES?

OUT BACK! WHY?

I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS! SHE'S HAVING COMPANY!

OH, NO!

DA DA!

WILMA!

WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER, FRED?

WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL PEBBLES' TOYS? ALL SHE'S GOT HERE IS JUNK... BUSTED TOYS!



DON'T YOU REMEMBER?  
SHE NEVER PLAYED WITH  
THOSE NEW TOYS SHE  
GOT ON HER BIRTHDAY!

OKAY!  
OKAY! BUT  
WHERE ARE  
THEY?

YOU FUSSED SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR  
GOLF CLUBS BEING CROWDED OUT  
OF THE CLOSET I GAVE ALL HER  
STUFF TO THE ORPHANS' HOME!

ONE THING FOR  
SURE...WE'LL GET  
RID OF *THIS*  
OLD STUFF!

FRED! THAT  
OLD DOLL  
IS HER  
FAVORITE!

DON'T YOU WORRY, HONEY! DADDY WILL  
GET YOU A GREAT BIG  
**BEAUTIFUL**  
NEW  
DOLL!

WAH!

THIS GOES TO  
THE DUMP!

CRASH!

TRASH

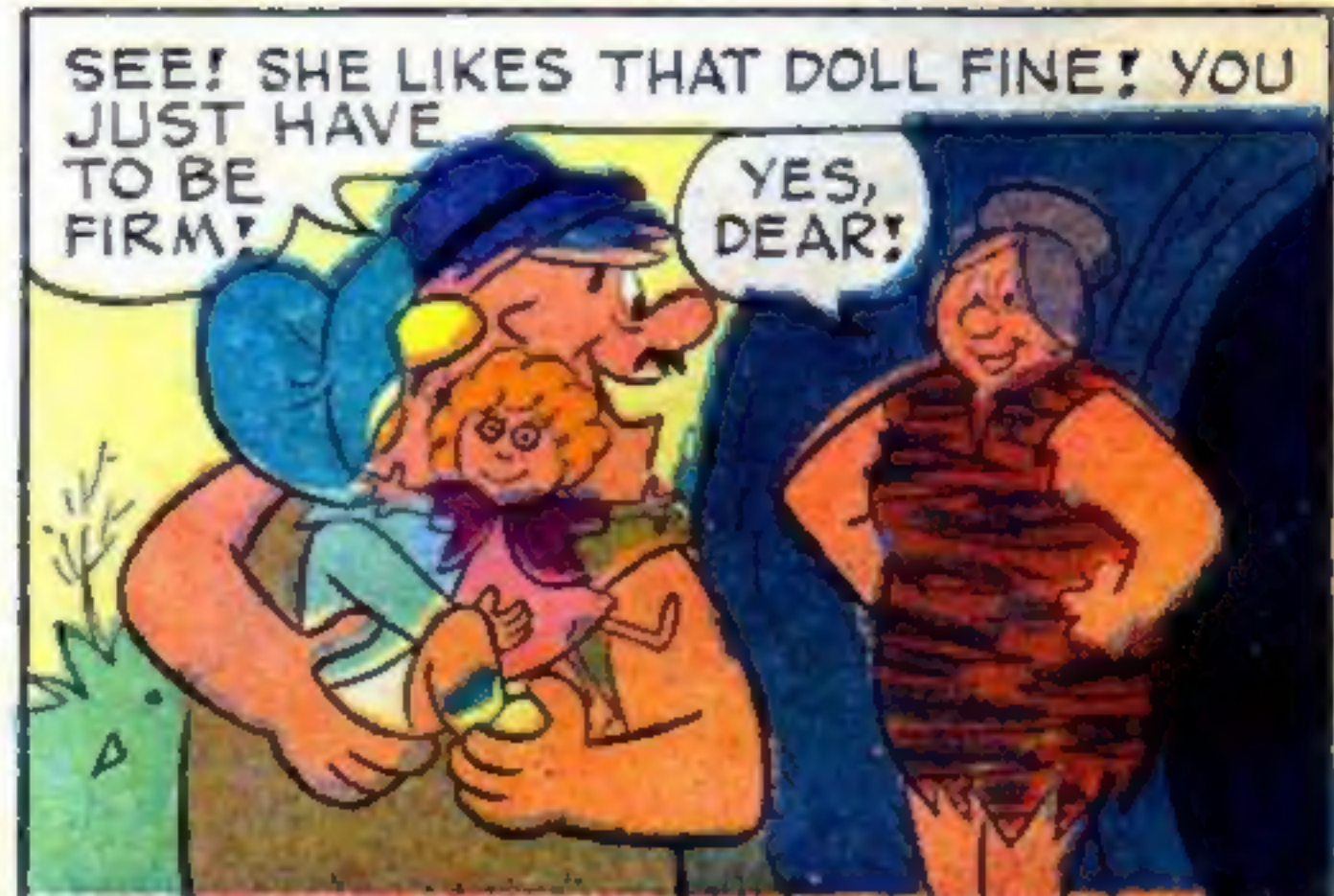
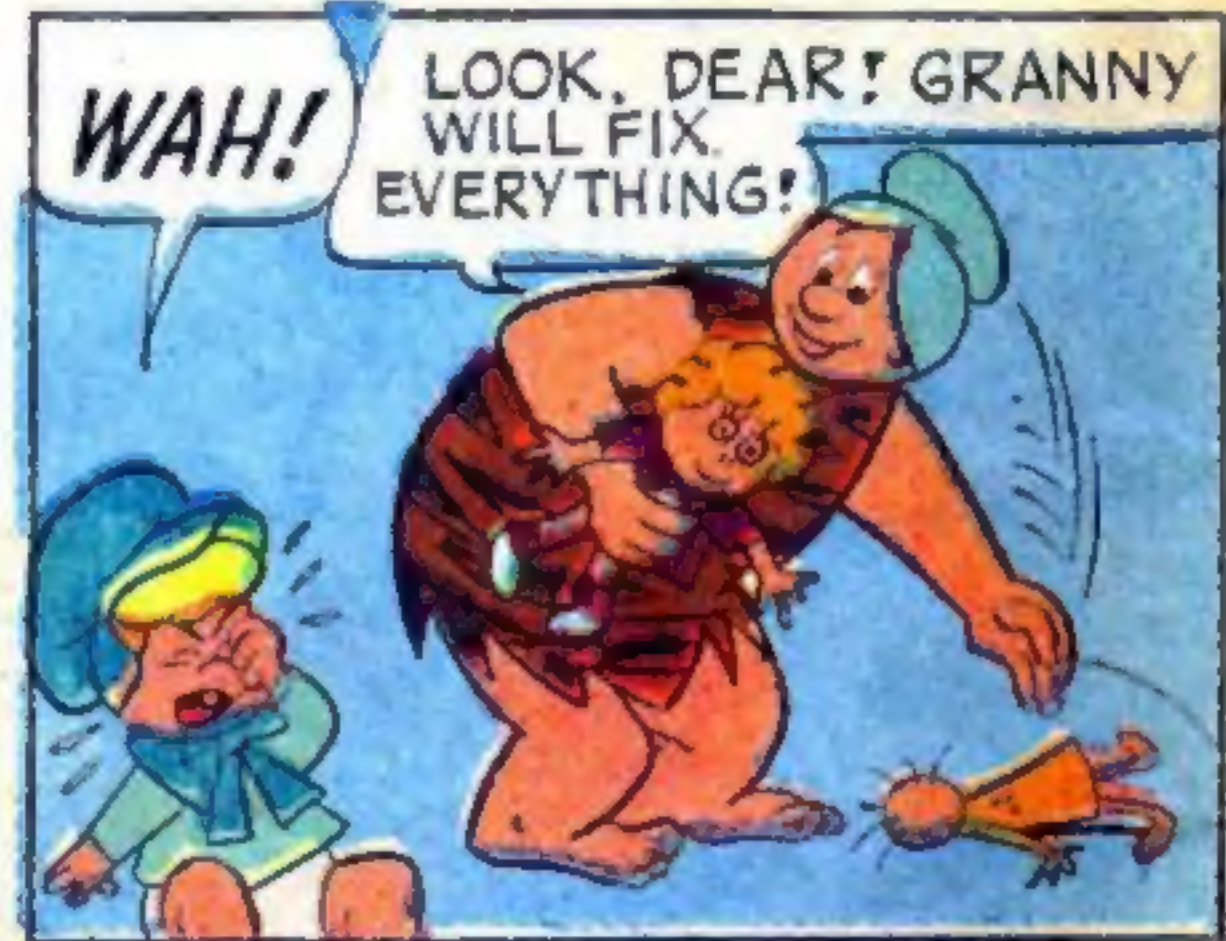
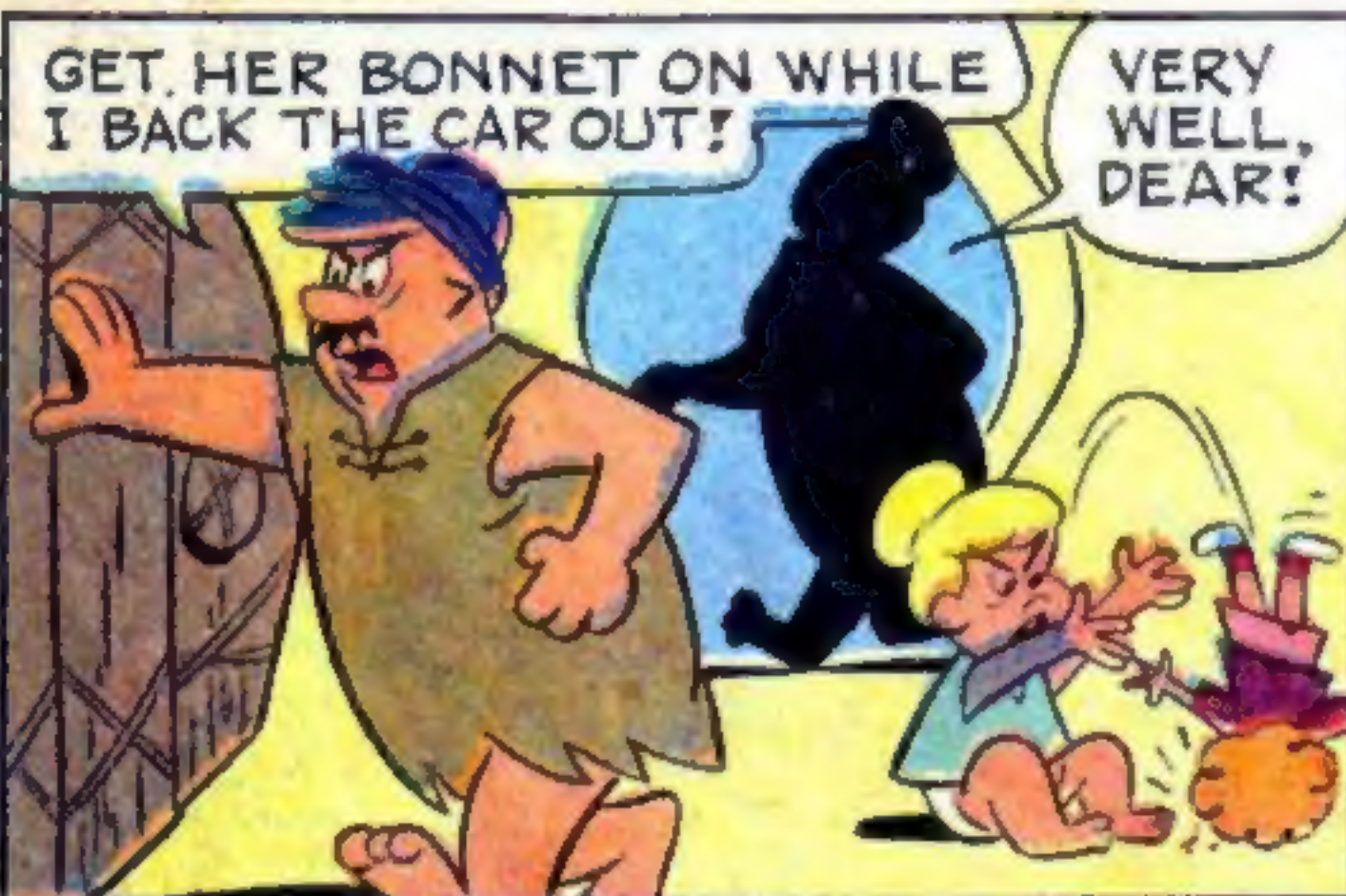
GET HER CLEANED UP AND  
IN HER BEST DRESS! I'LL  
BE RIGHT BACK!

WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING?

TO BUY SOME NEW TOYS SO THE BOSS WILL  
GIVE ME A PROMOTION!

OF ALL  
THE  
SILLY  
THINGS!



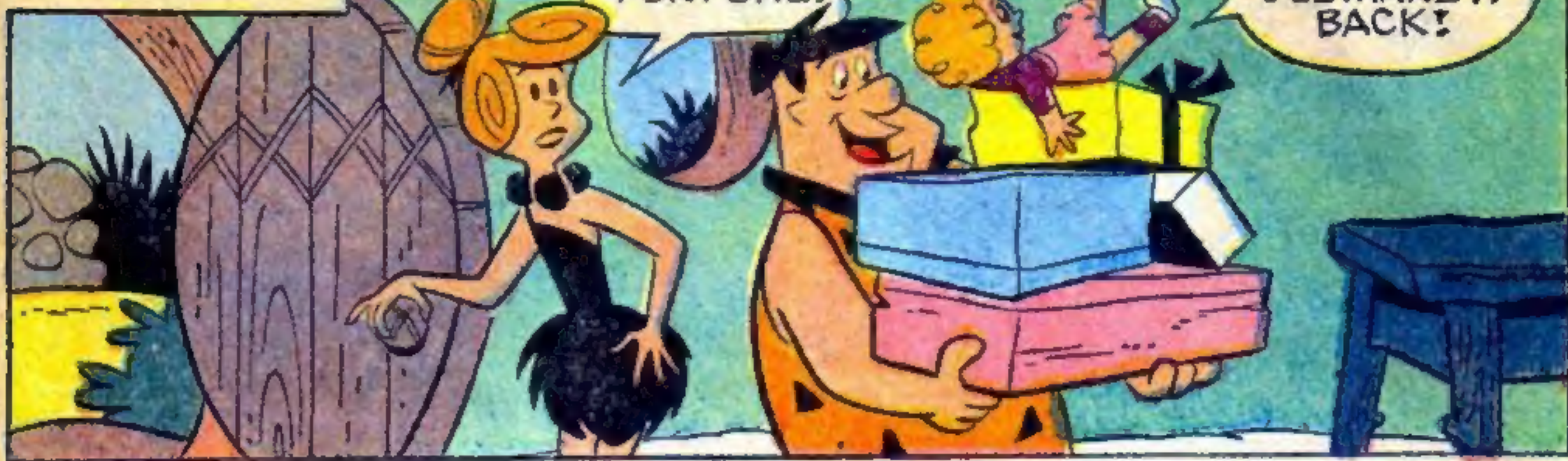




**M**EANTIME...

THAT STUFF MUST'VE COST A FORTUNE!

NEVER MIND!  
I'LL MAKE IT BACK!

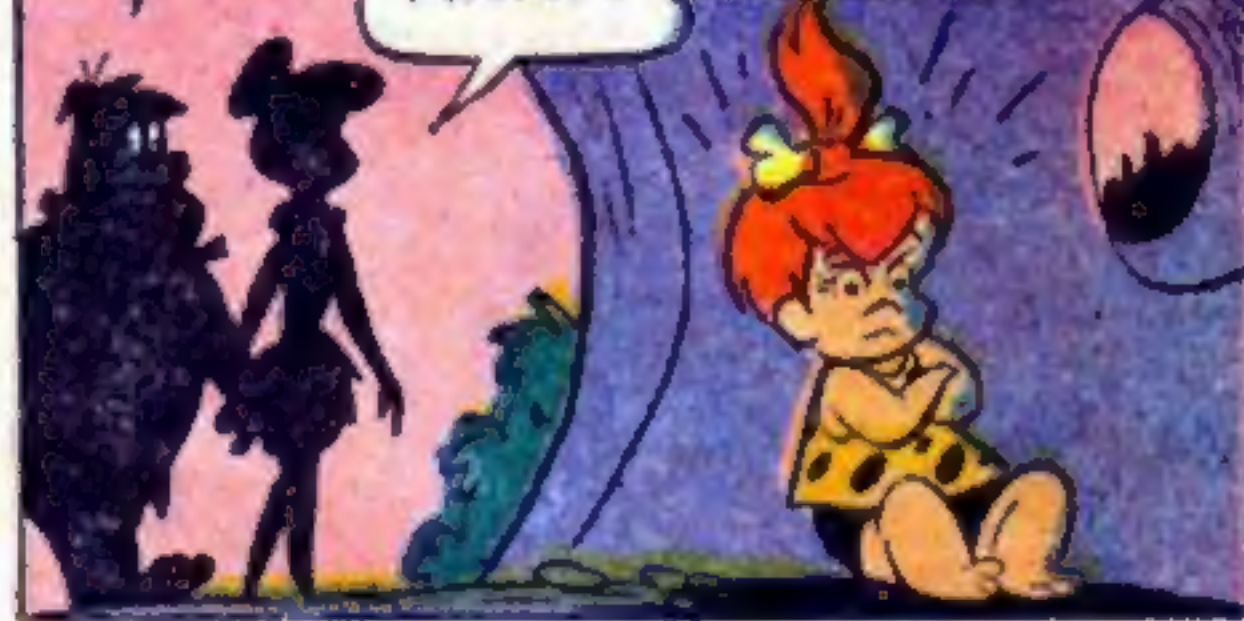


WE'LL PUT ALL HER NEW PLAYTHINGS OUT HERE IN BACK!



I HOPE PEBBLES IS READY!

SHE'S DRESSED BUT NOT VERY HAPPY! REALLY, FRED... YOU SHOULDN'T'VE THROWN HER DOLL AWAY!



THERE, HONEY! YOUR TEA PARTY IS ALL SET UP! SIT RIGHT HERE AT THE PRETTY TABLE AND HOLD YOUR NEW DOLLY!



HERE COMES YOUR BOSS, FRED!

HERE WE ARE, SNOOKUMS! GET OUT AND MEET YOUR NEW FRIEND!



THAT DIS-REPUTABLE DOLL!

YOU SNEAKED IT IN WITH THE OTHER ONE!



KERPLOP!







WAIT! THEY COULDN'T'VE GONE FAR!

HOLD IT! I THINK I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE!



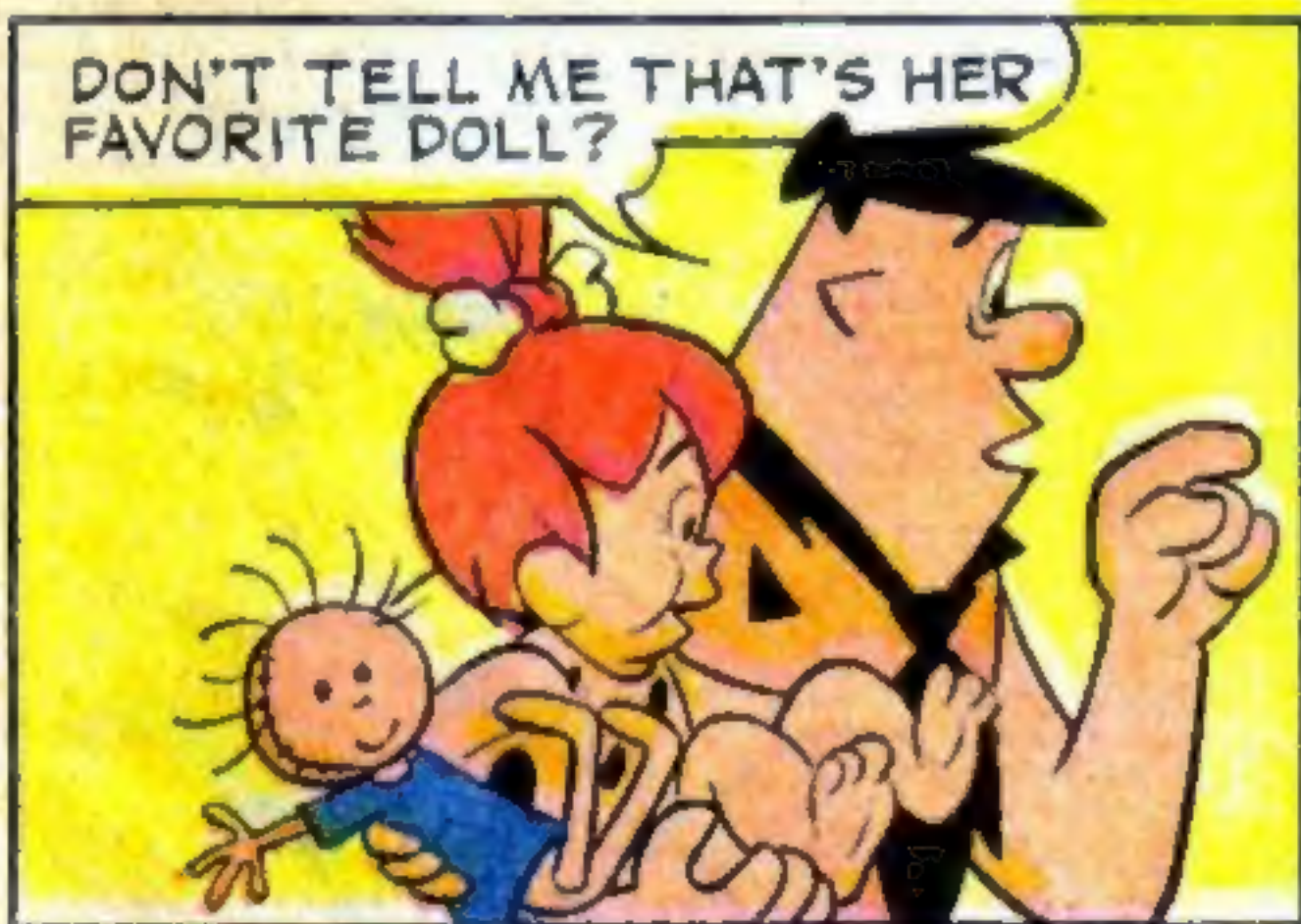
THERE! THERE'S NO WAY TO ACCOUNT FOR A KID'S TASTE IN TOYS!

ABBA DABBA GOO!

BA BA BA!



DON'T TELL ME THAT'S HER FAVORITE DOLL?



OF COURSE IT IS! SO WHAT!



WHAT ABOUT THAT RAISE WE WERE GOING TO TALK ABOUT?

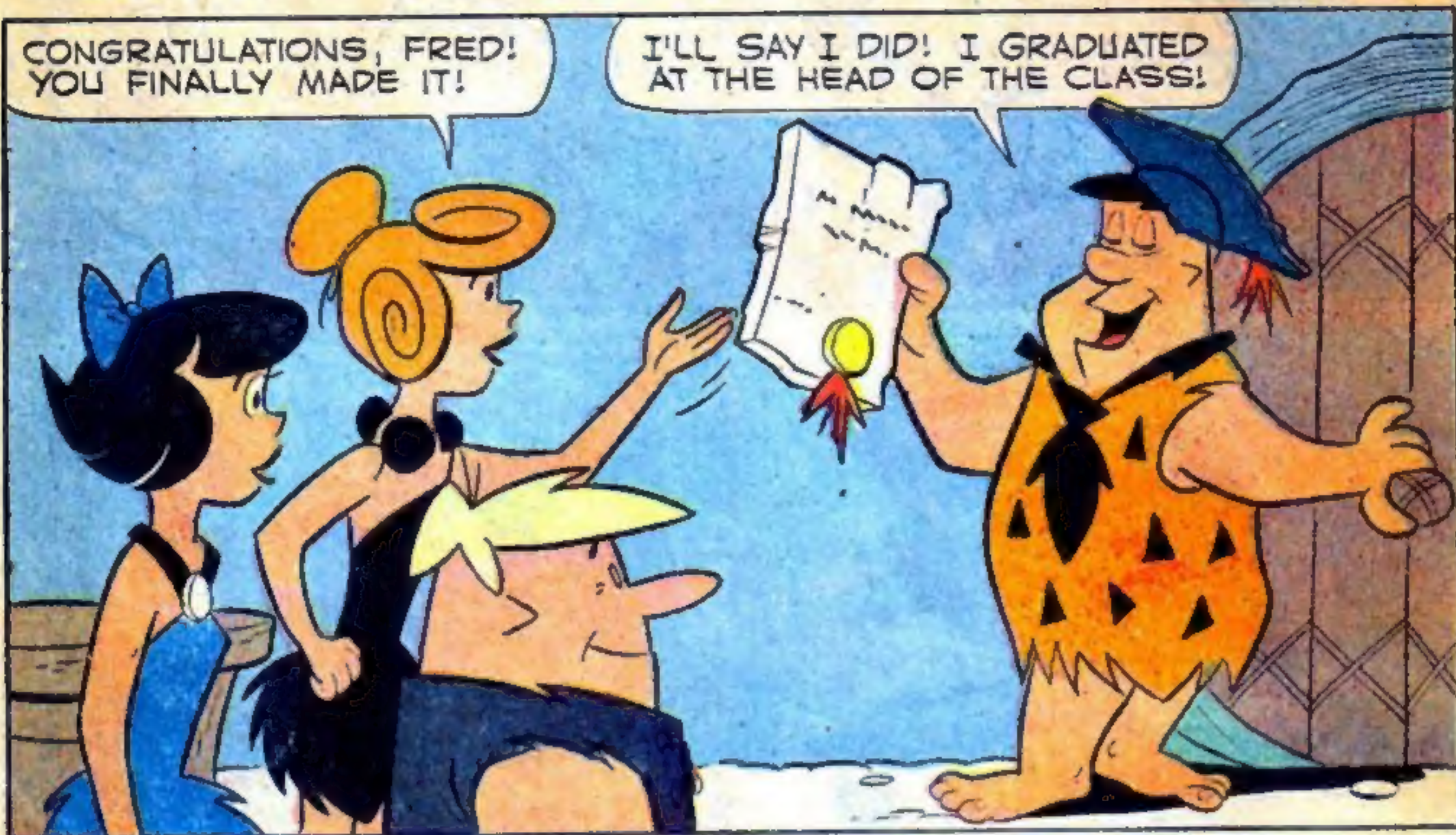
JUST RETURN ALL THOSE FANCY TOYS YOU JUST BOUGHT AND YOU WON'T NEED A RAISE, FLINTSTONE!





CONGRATULATIONS, FRED!  
YOU FINALLY MADE IT!

I'LL SAY I DID! I GRADUATED  
AT THE HEAD OF THE CLASS!



GEE, FRED, HOW MANY  
TIMES DID YOU FLUNK  
THAT MEMORY CLASS  
AT NIGHT SCHOOL?



NEVER MIND! THE IMPORTANT  
THING IS I'VE **MASTERED**  
THE SECRET OF  
A PERFECT  
MEMORY!  
JUST ASK  
ME A  
QUESTION!



OKAY! WHEN IS  
YOUR MOTHER-  
IN-LAW'S  
BIRTHDAY?

APRIL 14TH...  
SO THERE!



THAT'S  
PRETTY  
GOOD,  
FRED!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!  
FROM NOW ON I'LL NEVER  
FORGET A THING!





HO-HUM! IF YOU'LL  
EXCUSE ME I THINK  
I'LL HIT THE SACK!

NIGHTY NIGHT,  
FRED! DON'T  
FORGET TO CLOSE  
YOUR EYES!  
YUK! YUK!

OKAY, WISE GUY! IF YOU EVER  
CATCH ME FORGETTING  
**ANYTHING** AGAIN I'LL TREAT  
YOU TO THE BEST DINOSAUR  
STEAK IN BEDROCK!

IT'S A  
DEAL!

**SHORTLY...**

I'LL SHOW THAT LITTLE  
RUNT! **HE** HASN'T  
MASTERED THE SECRET OF BRAIN  
CONTROL, BUT  
**I** HAVE!

HEH! HEH! HE'S IN FOR A LONG  
WAIT FOR THAT DINOSAUR STEAK!

UH-OH! I JUST REMEMBERED!  
TOMORROW IS TRASH  
COLLECTION DAY! I FORGOT  
TO PUT IT  
OUT BEFORE  
RETIRING!

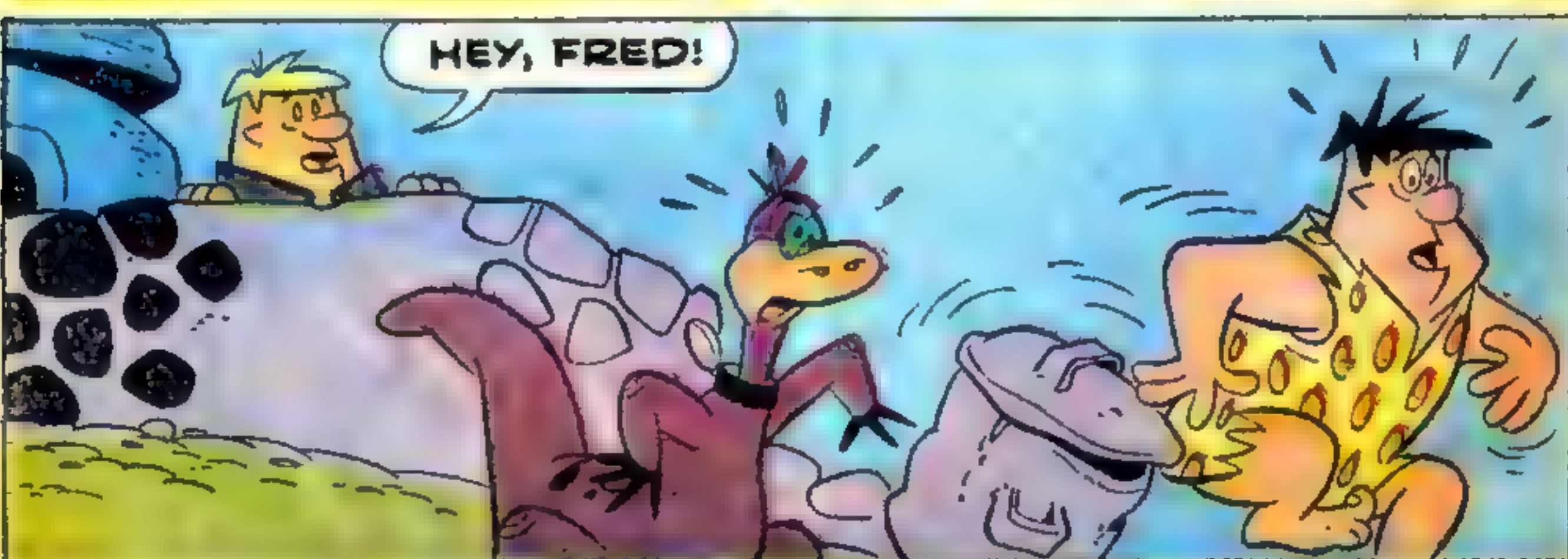
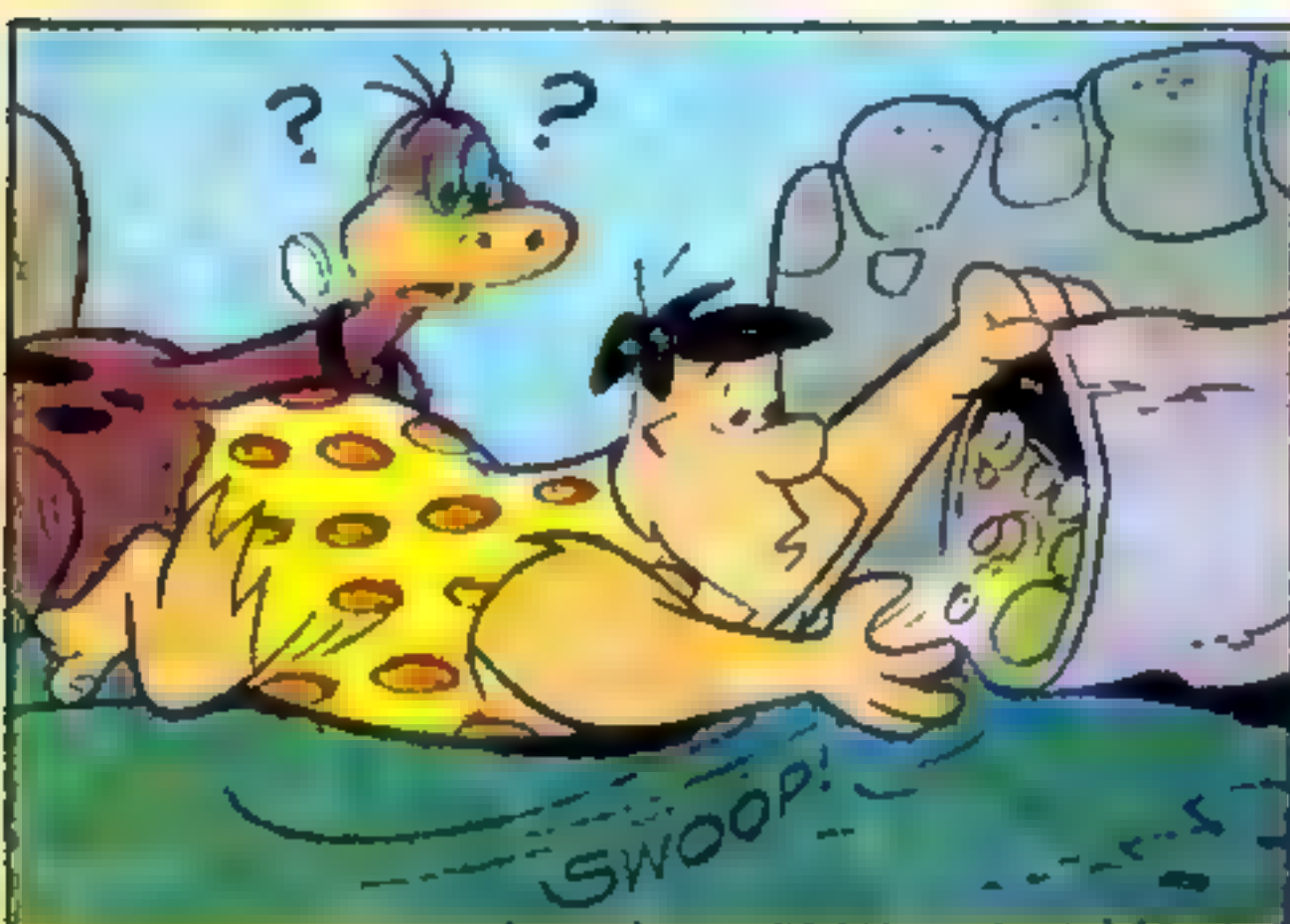
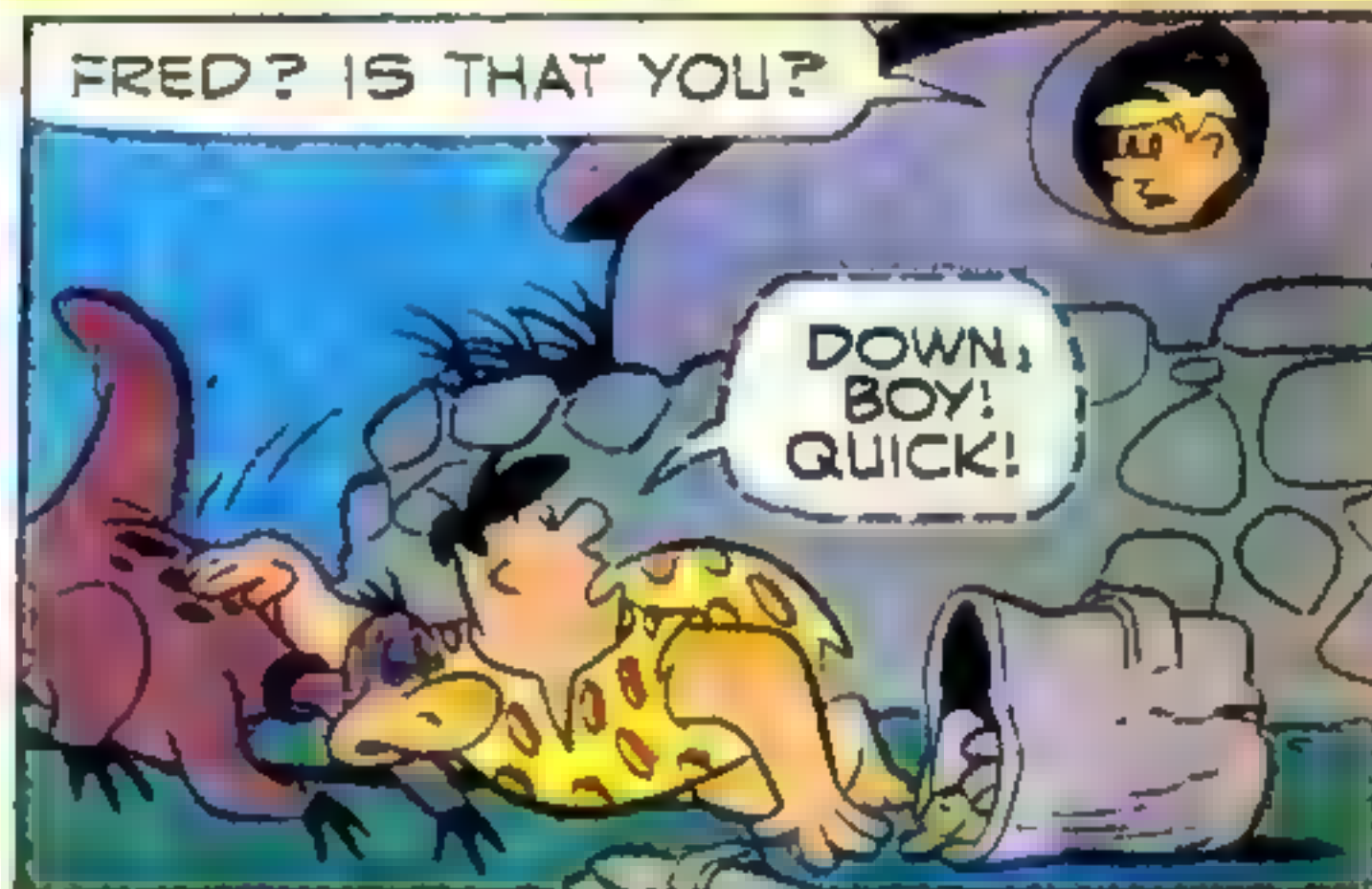
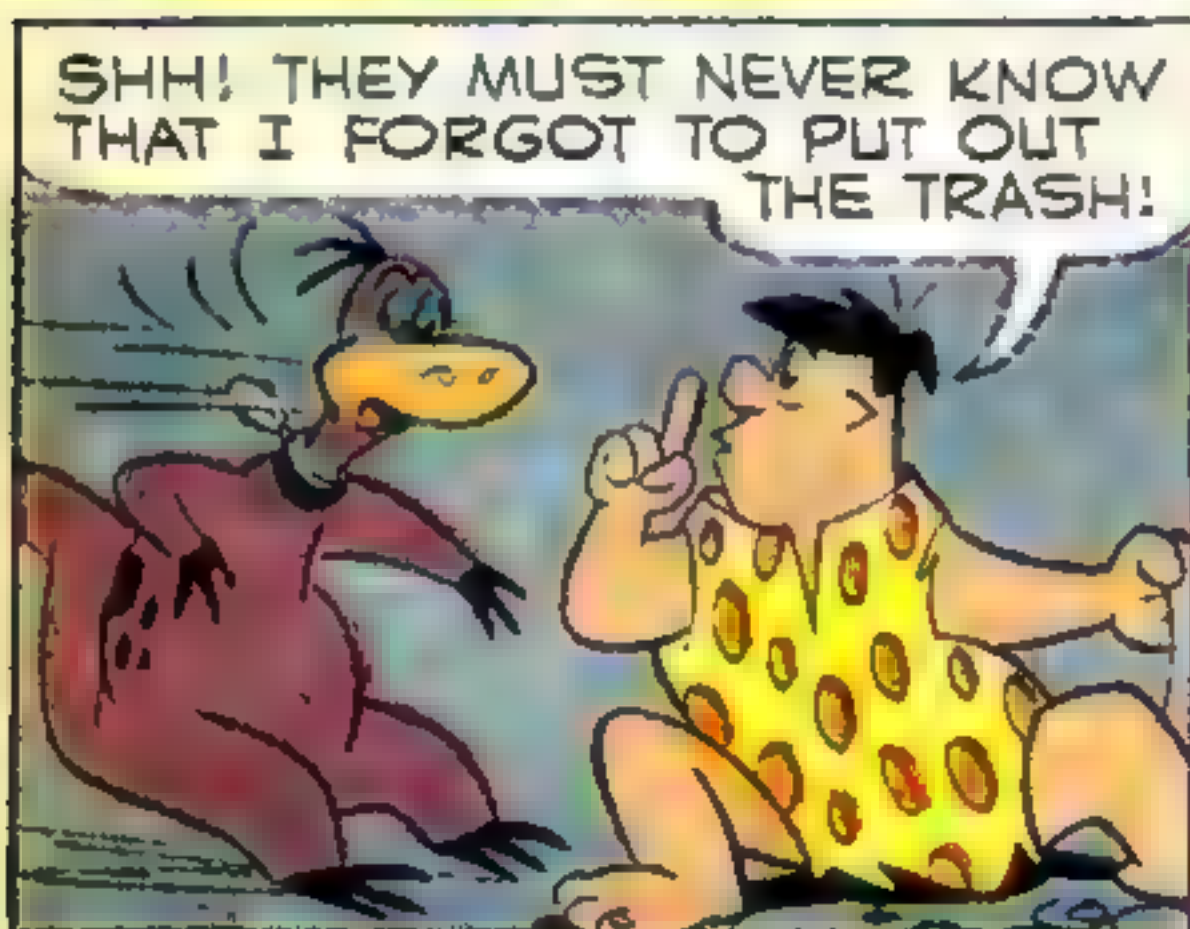
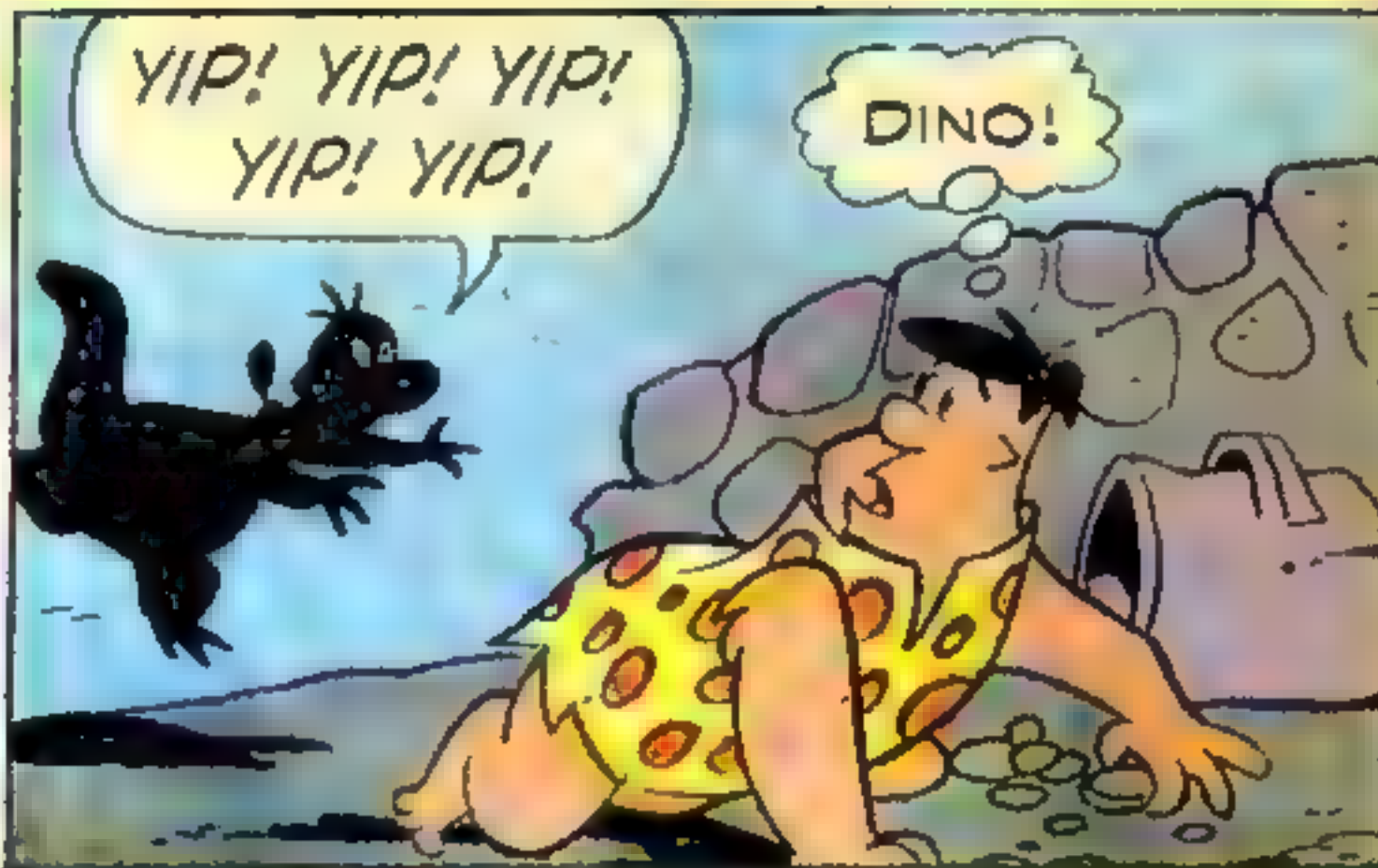
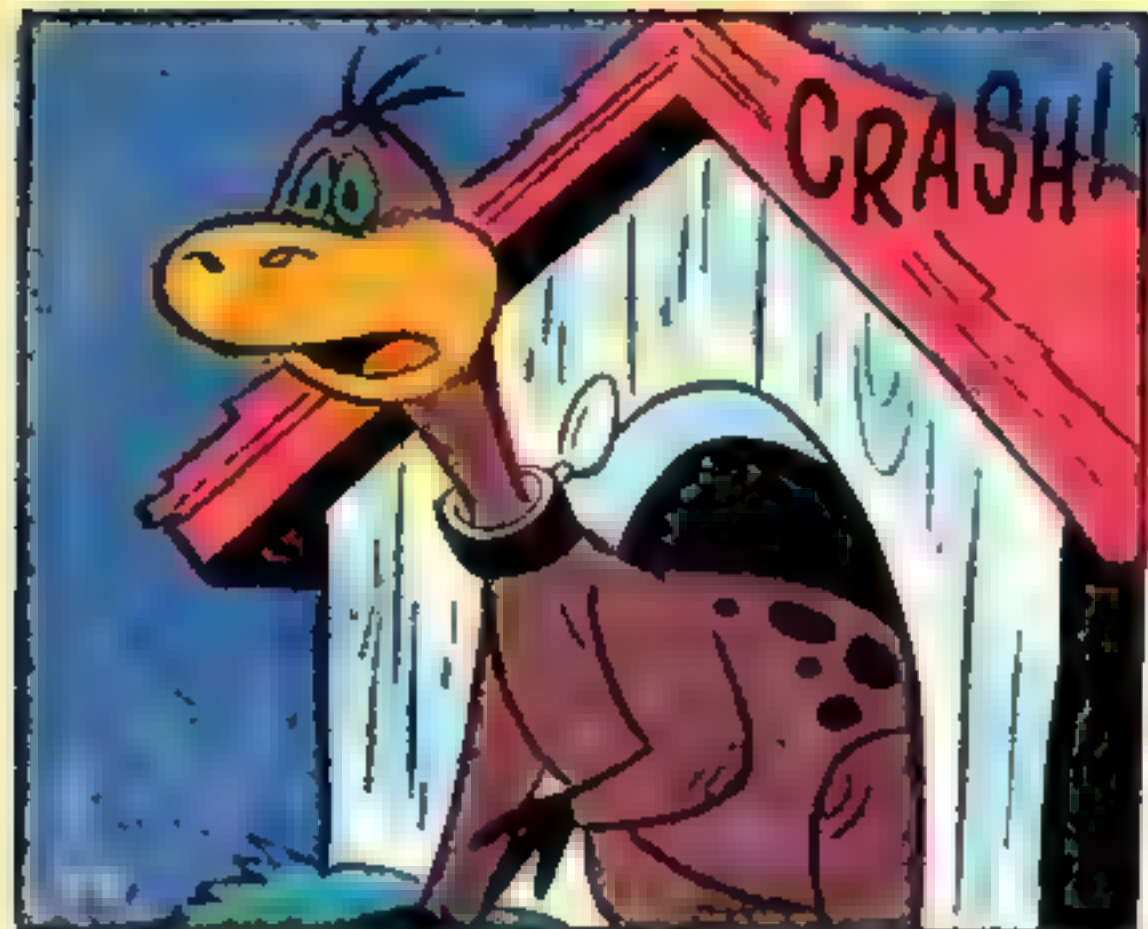
I'D BETTER WORK FAST!  
I WOULD NEVER  
LIVE IT DOWN!

Z-Z-Z

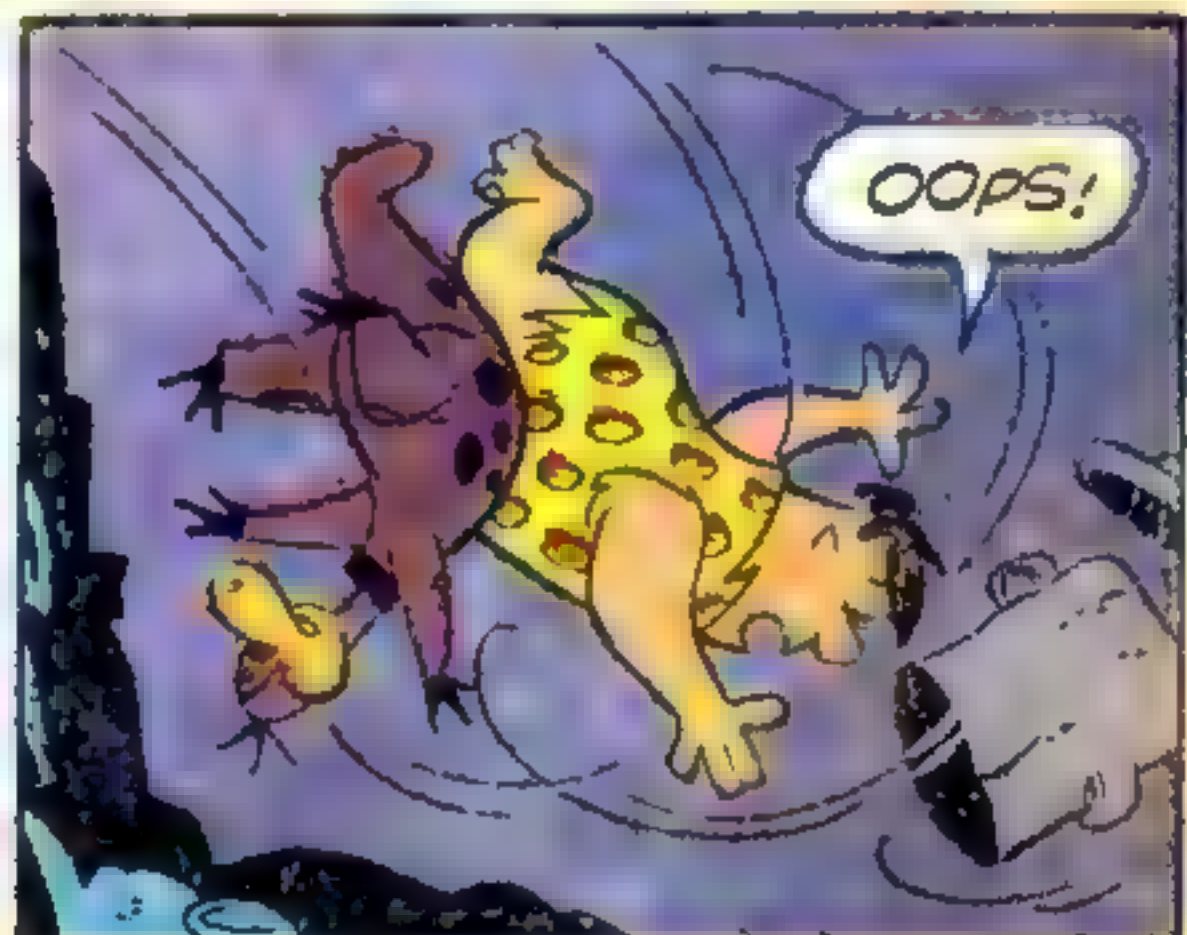
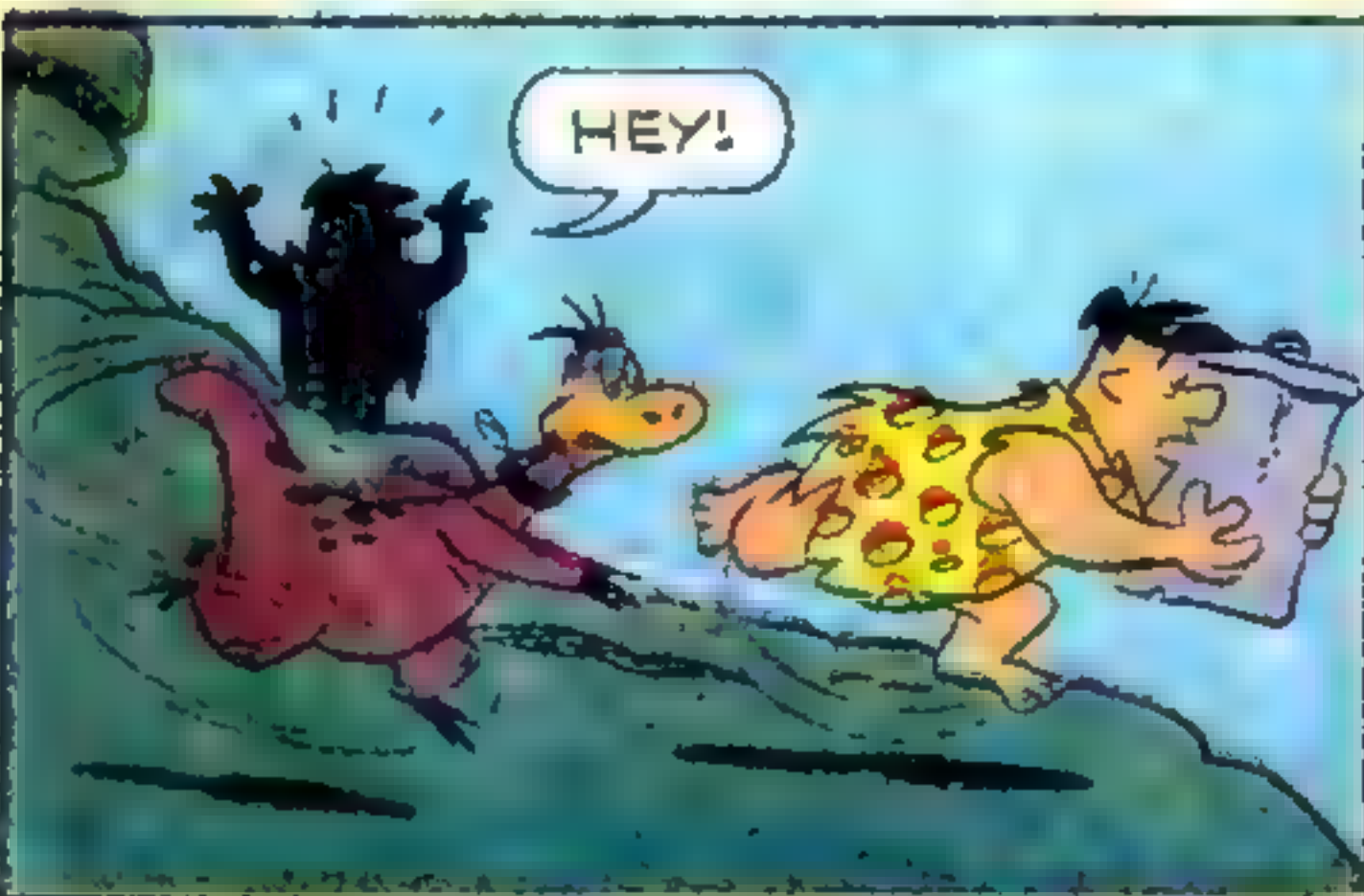
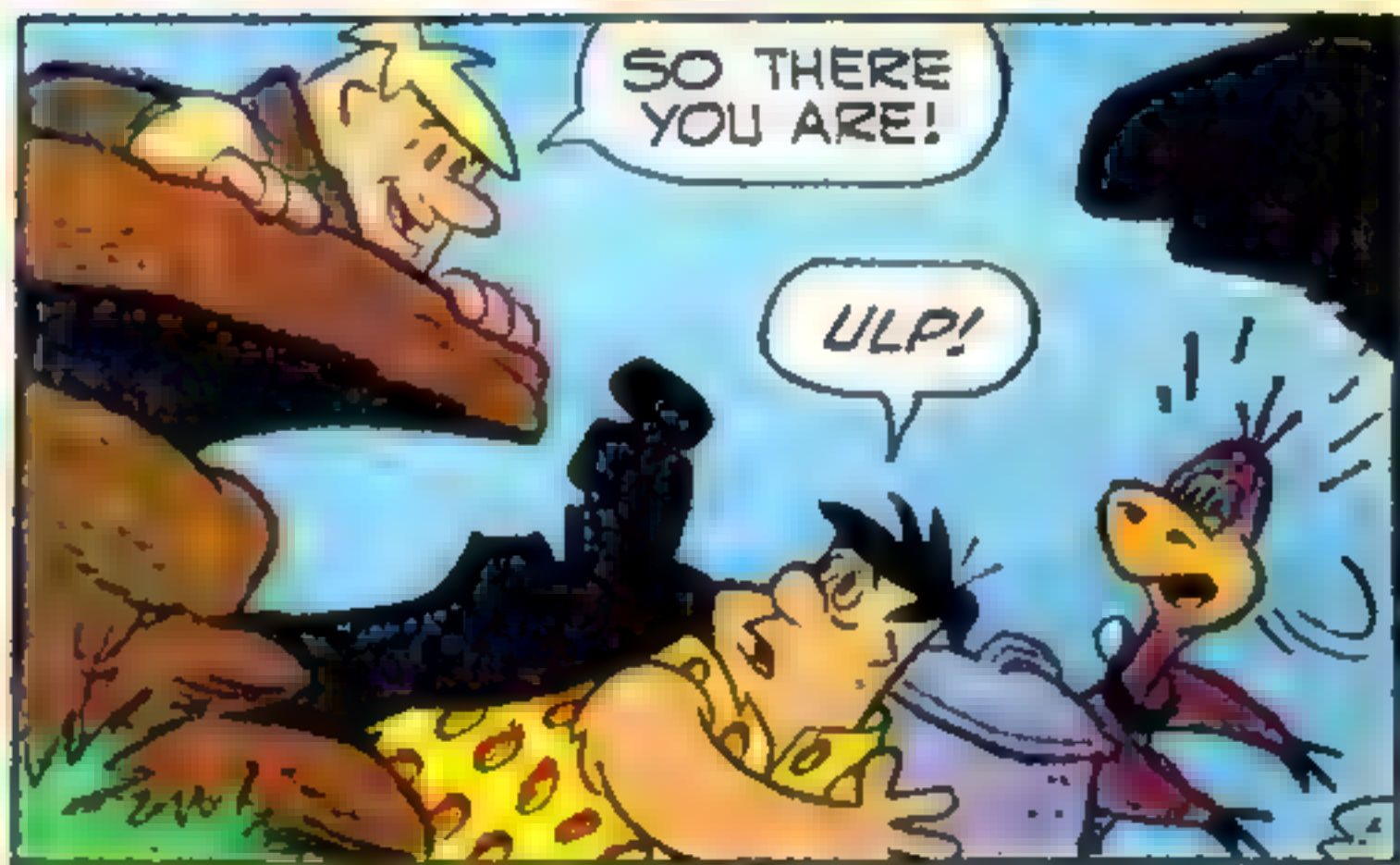
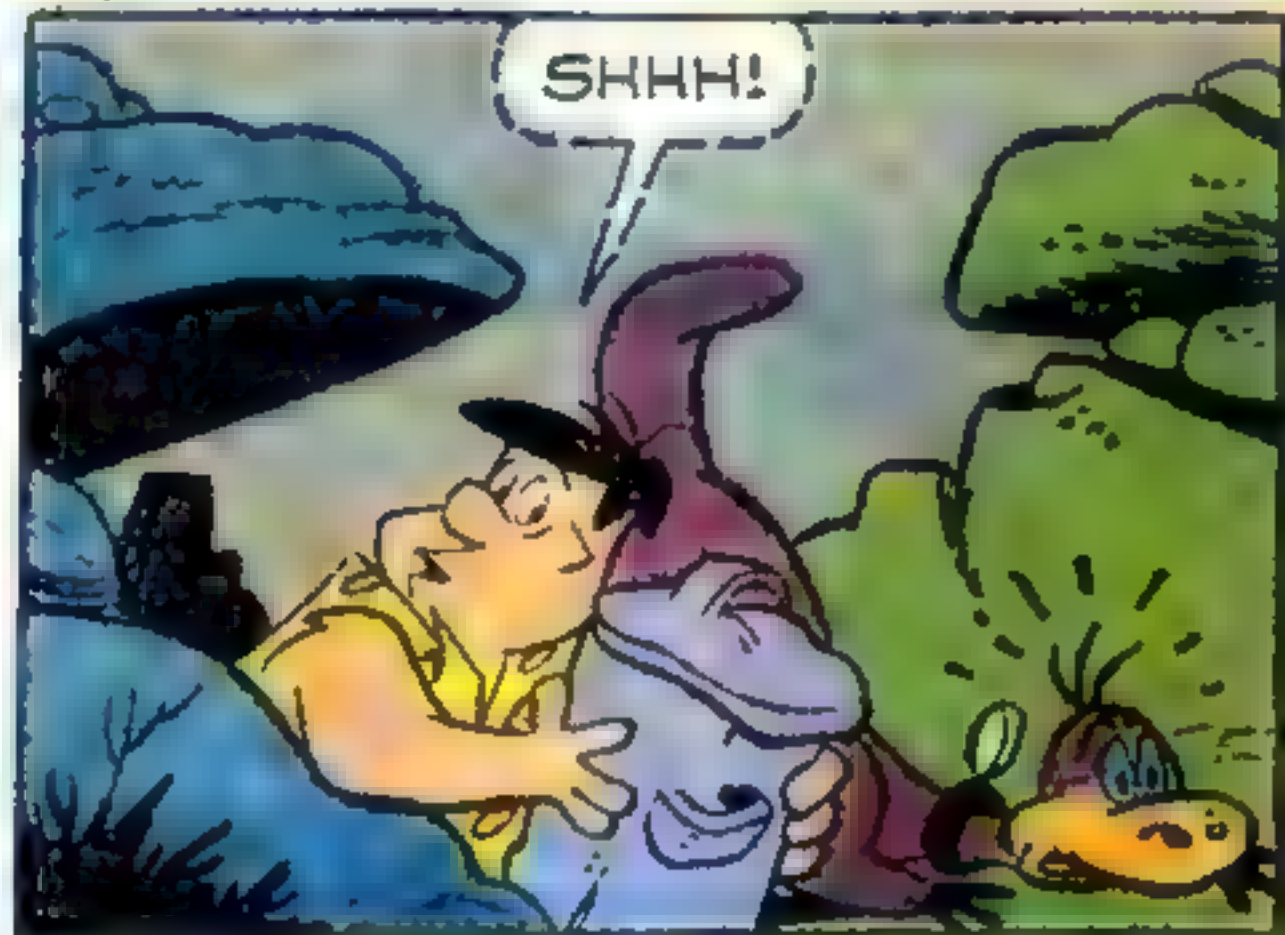
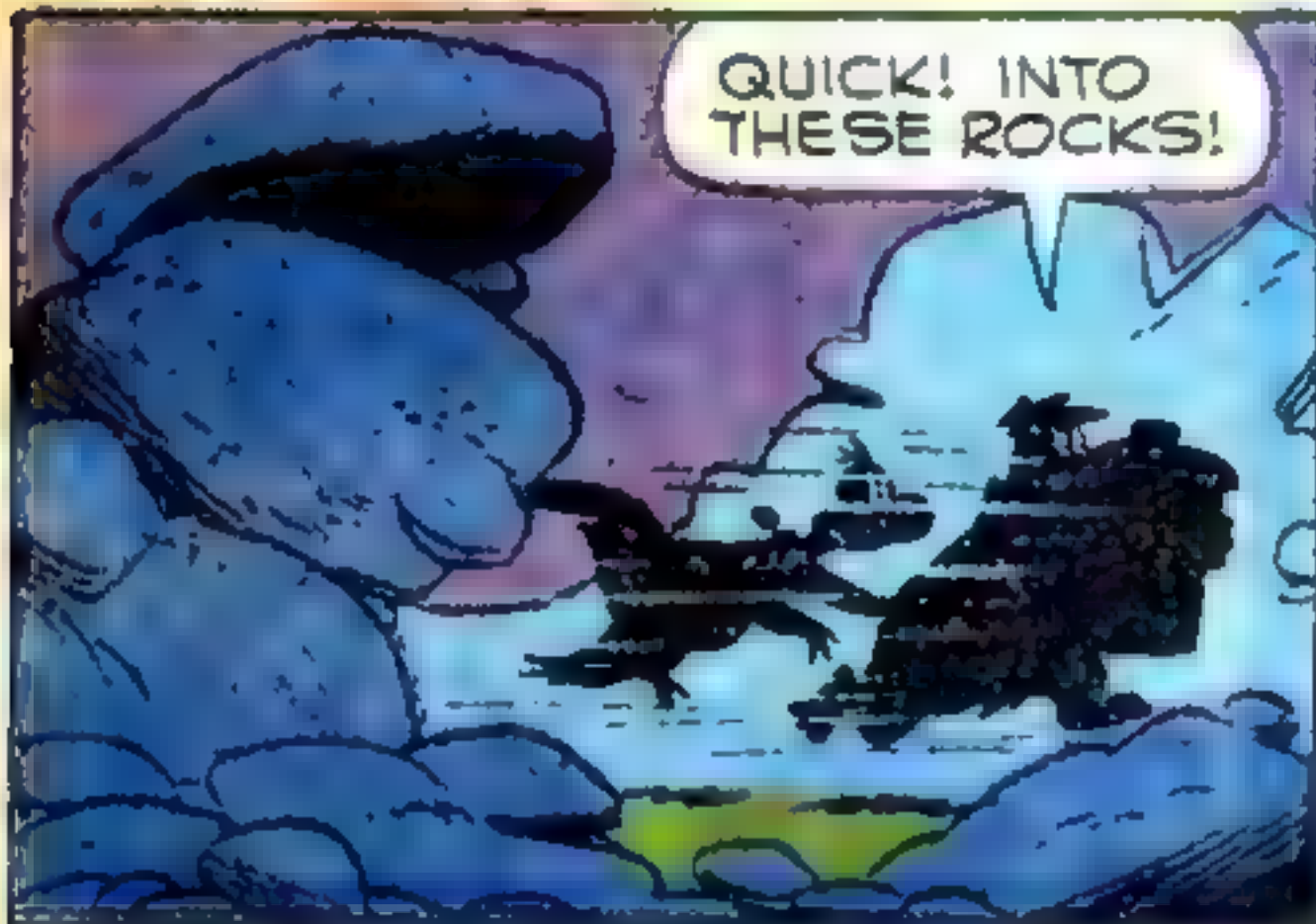
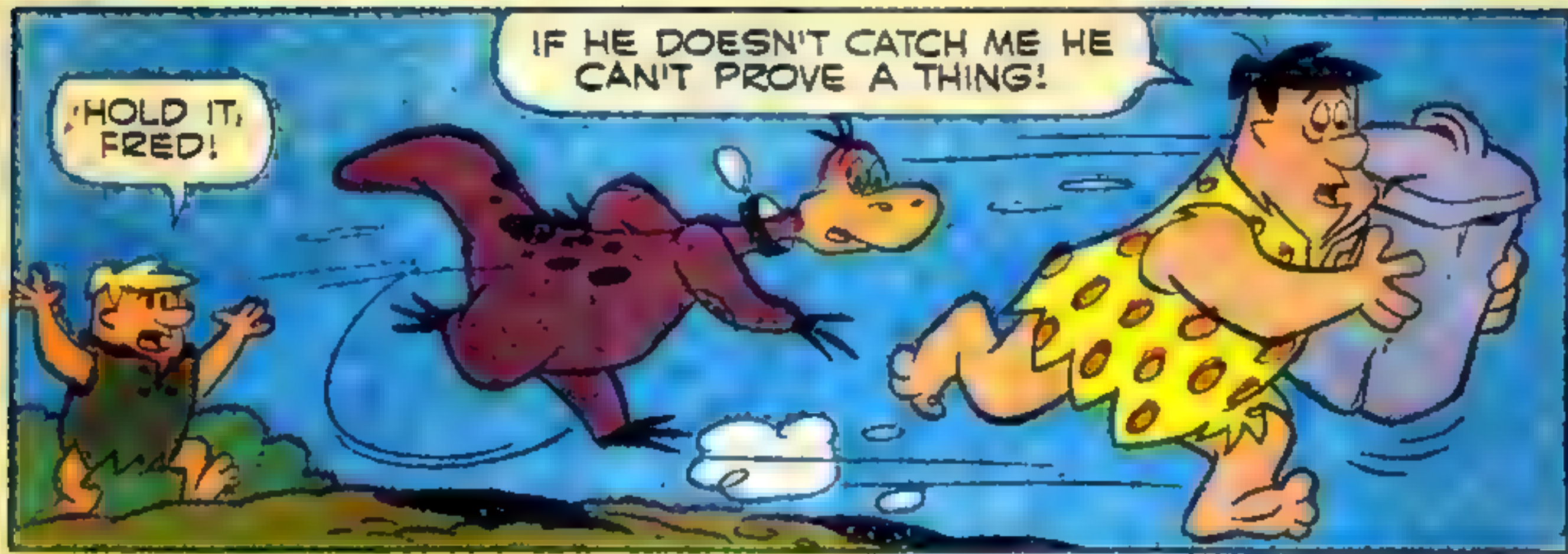
BUT THEY'LL  
NEVER GET  
AHEAD OF  
OL' FRED!  
NEVER!  
NEVER!

N-NEVER?





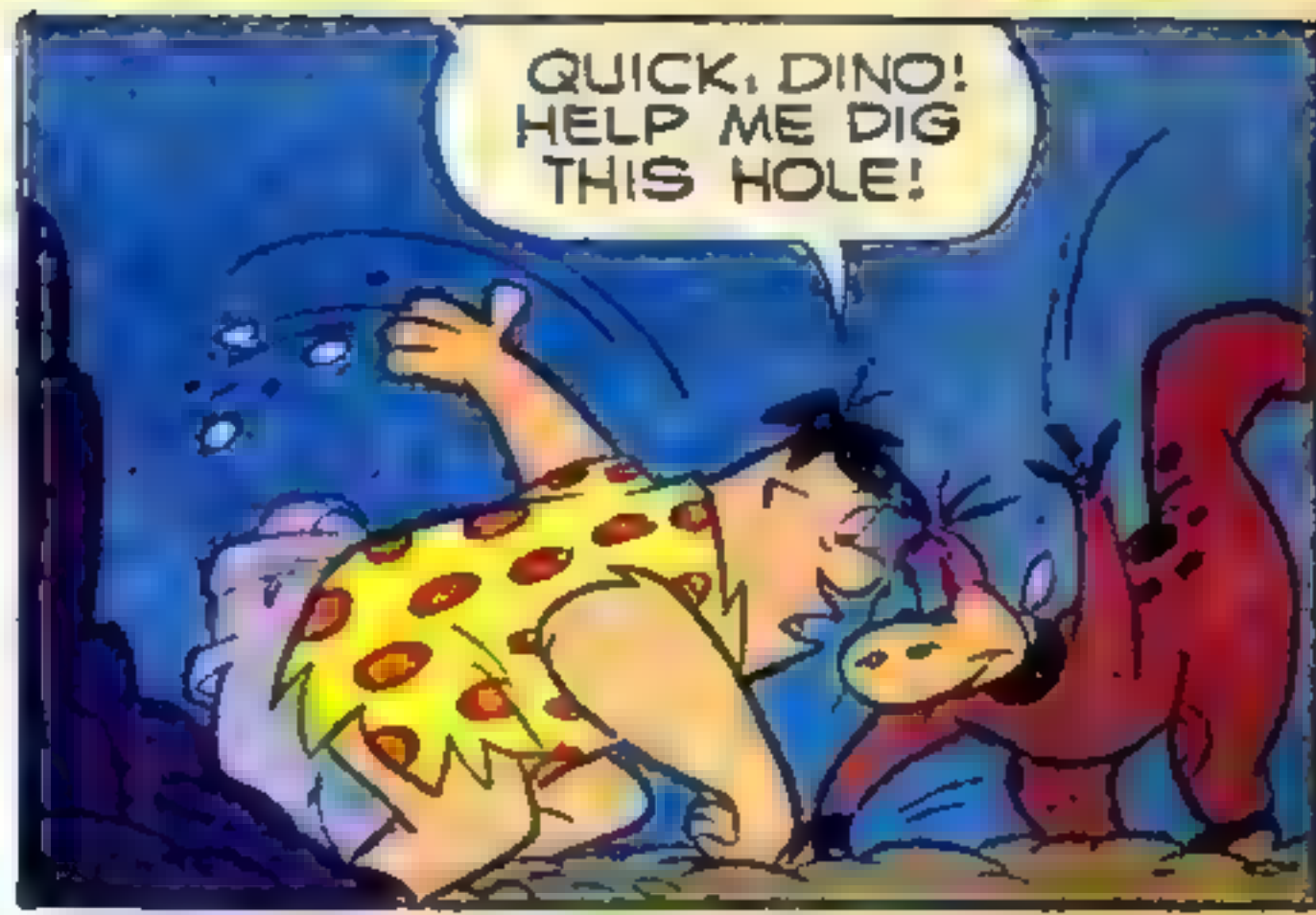








AT LEAST HE'LL HAVE A  
HARD TIME FOLLOWING  
US DOWN HERE!



QUICK, DINO!  
HELP ME DIG  
THIS HOLE!

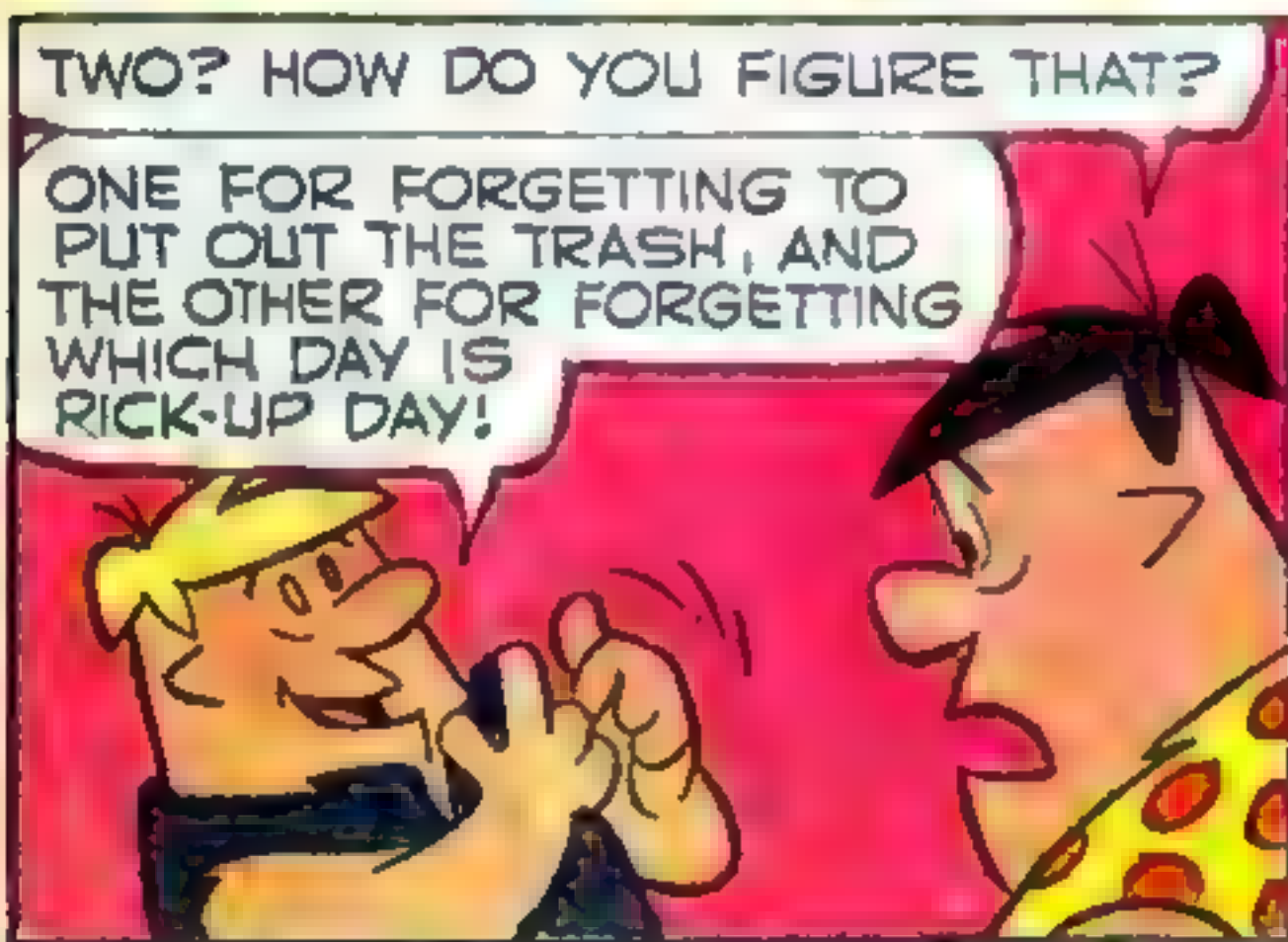


IT'S NO USE, FRED!  
I CAUGHT YOU  
DEAD TO RIGHTS!



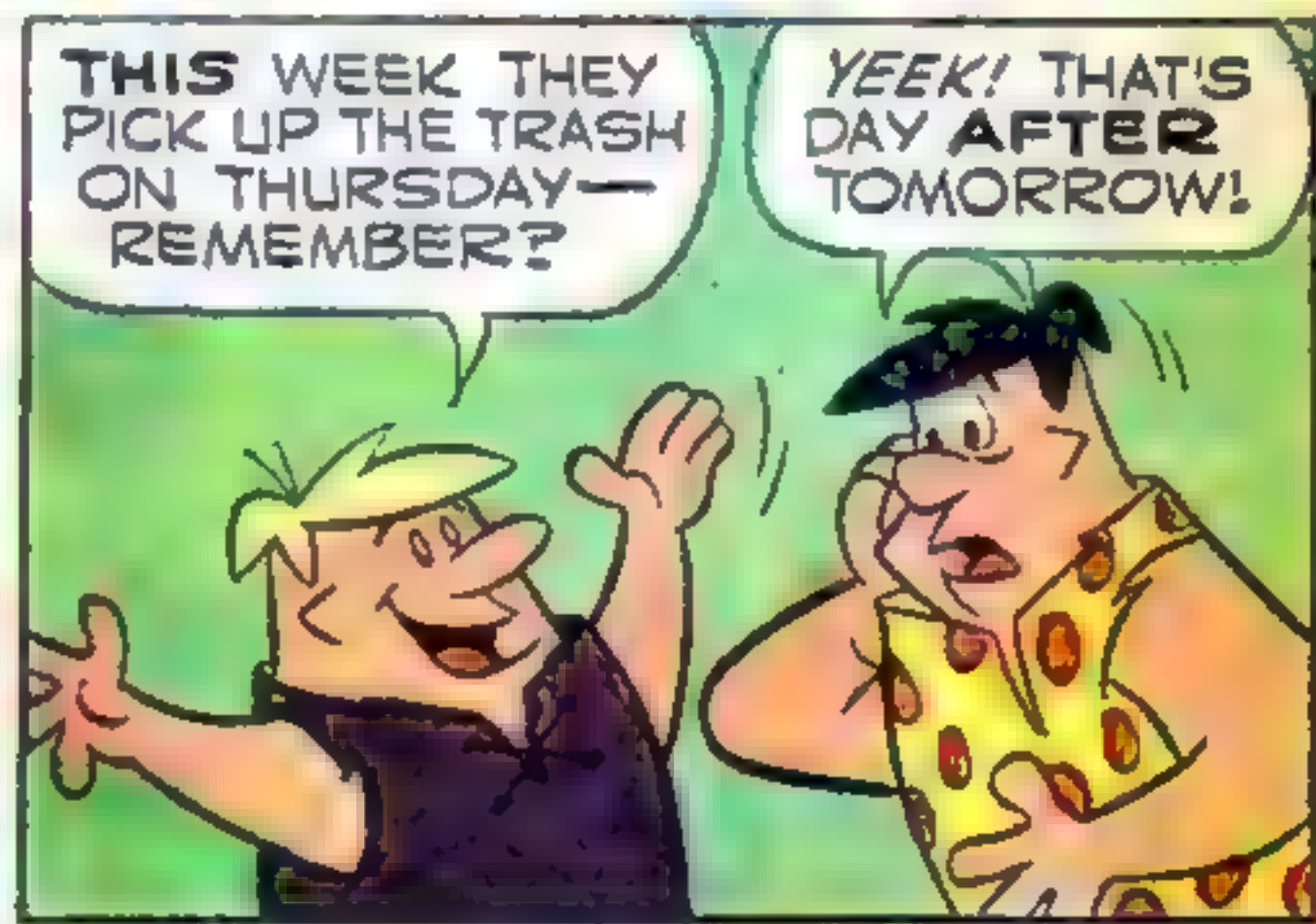
OKAY! SO I FORGOT TO PUT OUT  
THE TRASH—SO I OWE YOU  
ONE DINOSAUR  
STEAK!

TWO  
STEAKS,  
FRED!



TWO? HOW DO YOU FIGURE THAT?

ONE FOR FORGETTING TO  
PUT OUT THE TRASH, AND  
THE OTHER FOR FORGETTING  
WHICH DAY IS  
RICK-UP DAY!



THIS WEEK THEY  
PICK UP THE TRASH  
ON THURSDAY—  
REMEMBER?

YEEK! THAT'S  
DAY AFTER  
TOMORROW!

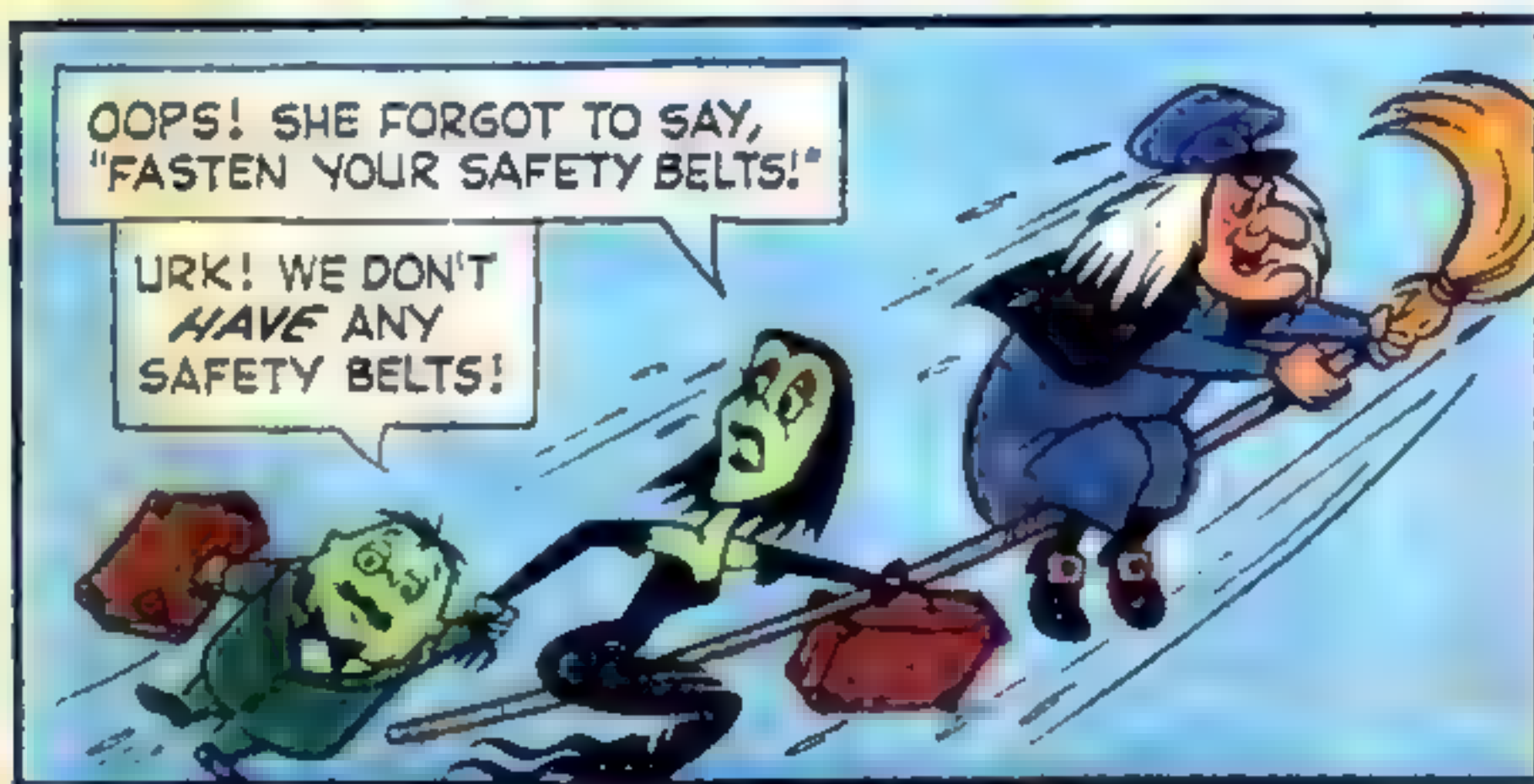


So...

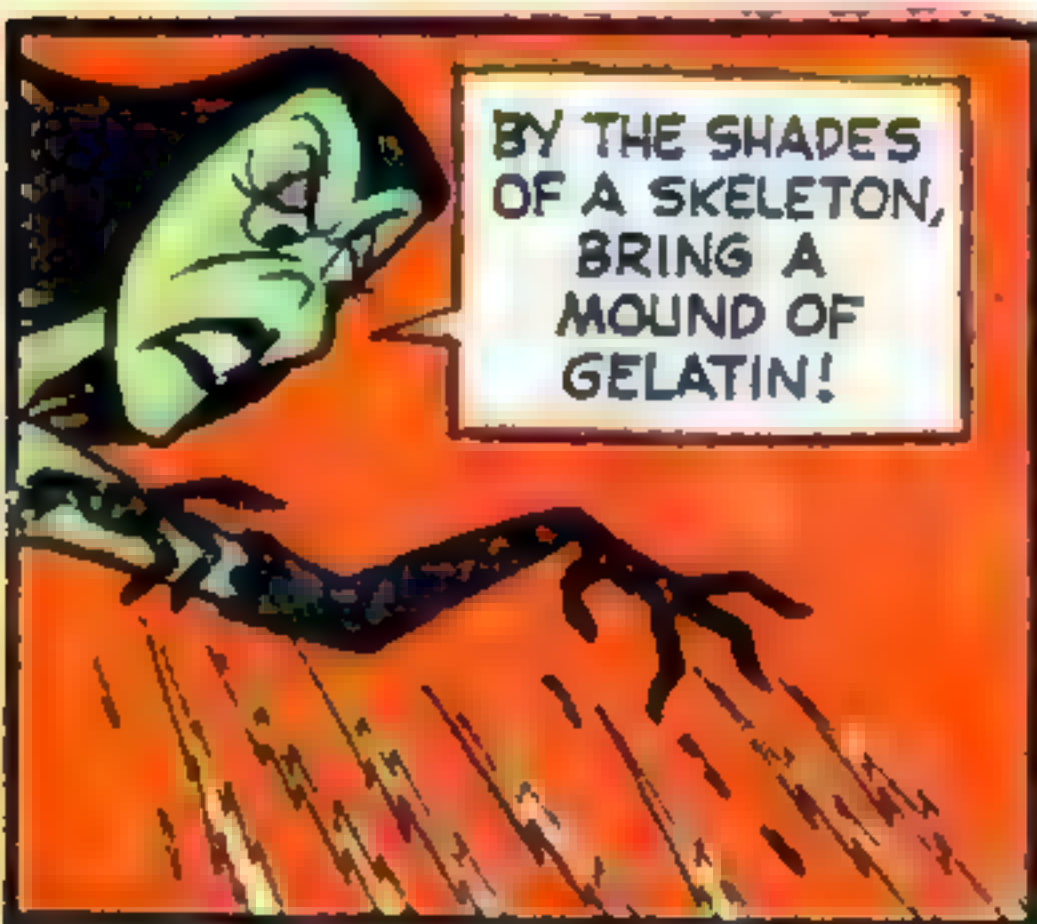
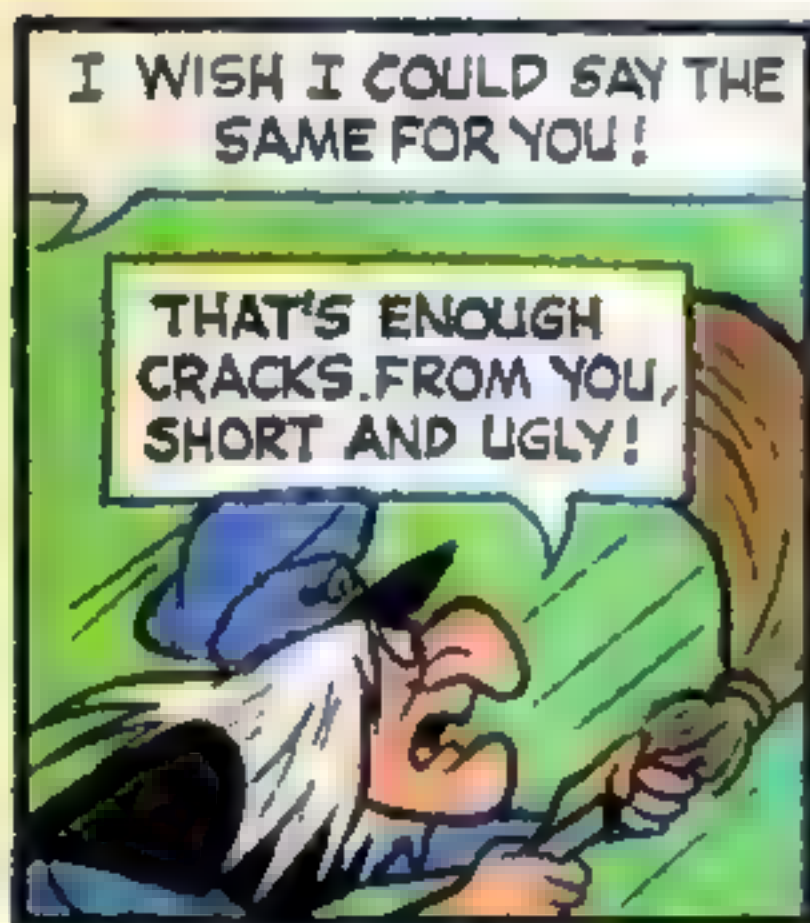
TOO BAD YOU FORGOT THAT THE PRICE  
OF STEAKS HAS GONE UP! OTHERWISE  
YOU COULD HAVE BROUGHT ENOUGH  
MONEY TO BUY YOURSELF A STEAK!



Hanna-Barbara MR. & MRS. J. EVIL SCIENTIST  
FLYING BY SCAREPLANE











# Reader's Page ANIMALS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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Memphis, Tennessee

DUCKLING



Lincoln Brown  
Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada

FRISKY THE CALF



Jewell Ann McDavid  
Grayson, Kentucky

MUSTANG



Vikki Morgan  
Harvard, Massachusetts

GIRAFFE



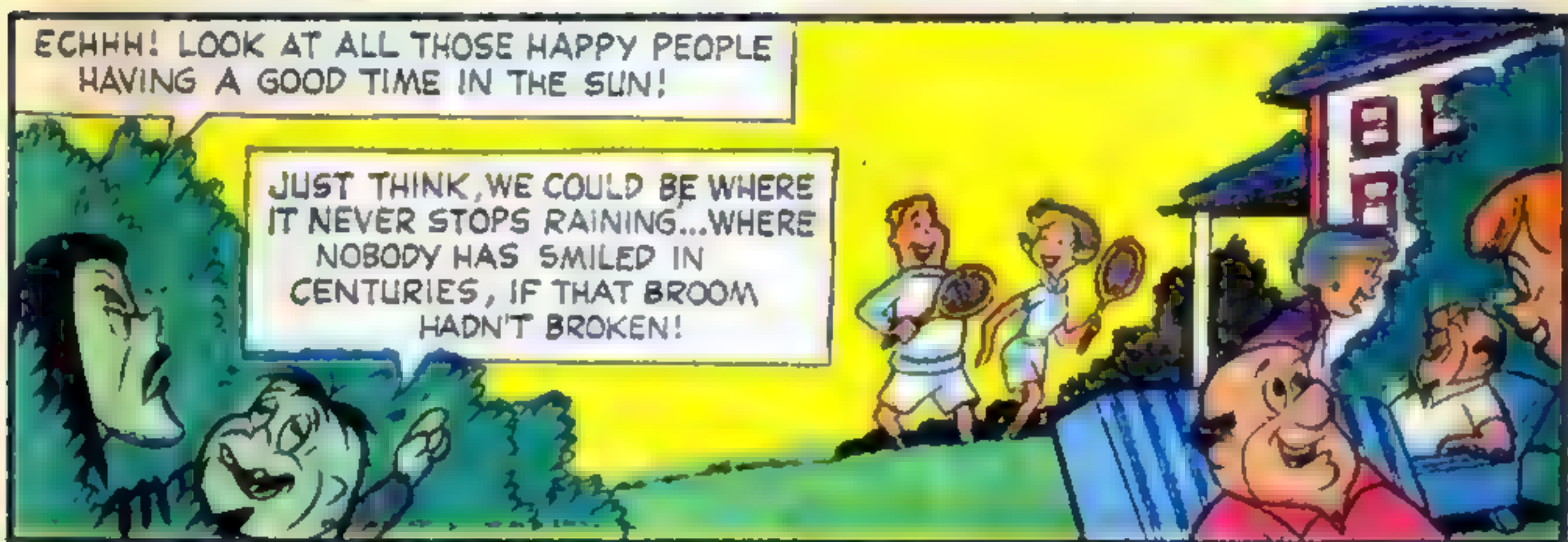
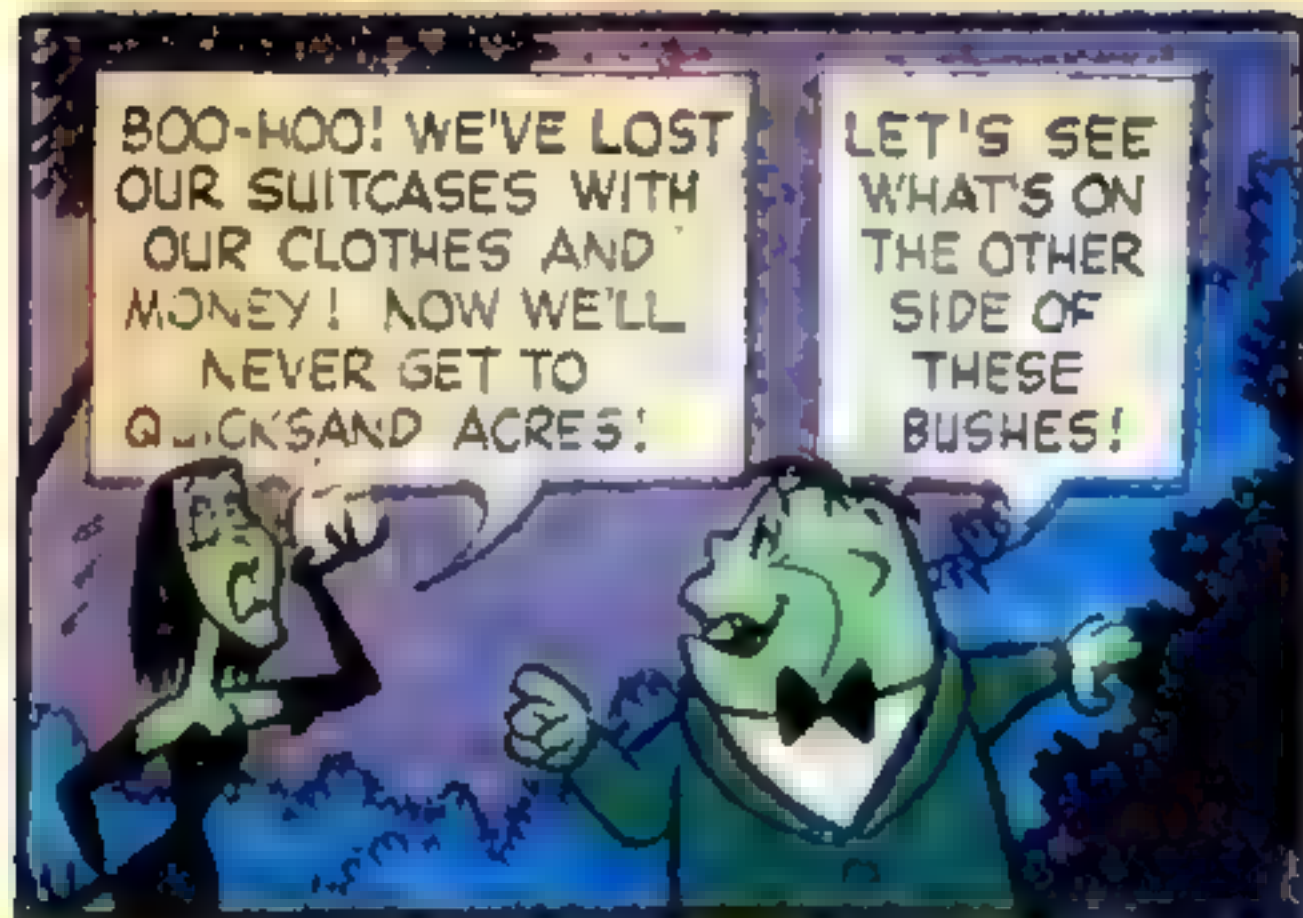
Stanley Fong  
San Francisco, California

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SOON...

OKAY! YOU TEND TO THE GARDENING, AND I'LL SHOW YOUR WIFE HER MAID DUTIES!

DON'T WORRY, DEAR! IT'S JUST UNTIL WE EARN ENOUGH TO FLY ON!

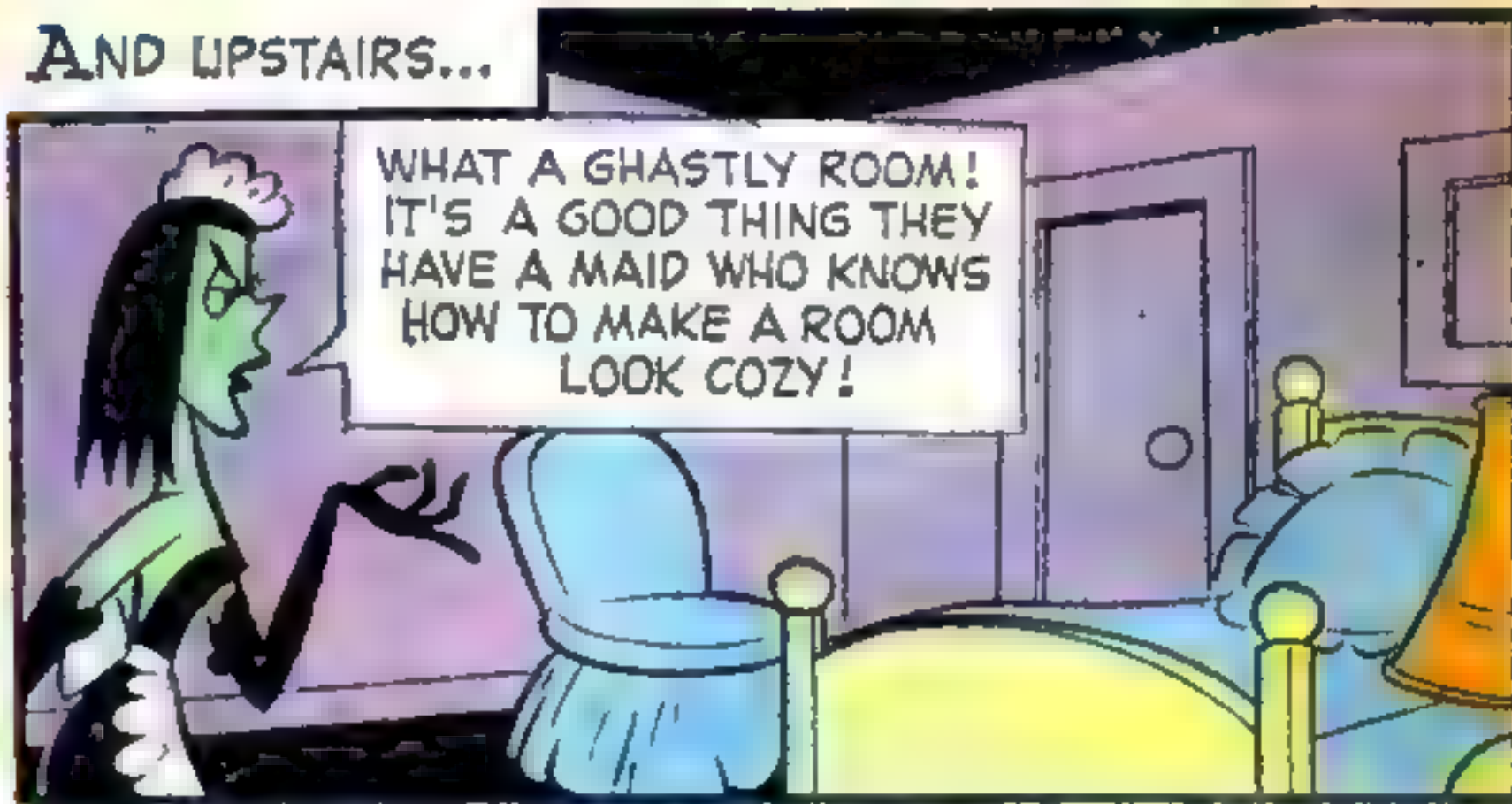


BAH! SIMPLE GARDEN PLANTS! BUT WITH MY SCIENTIFIC GENIUS, I CAN MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF THEM!



AND UPSTAIRS...

WHAT A GHASTLY ROOM! IT'S A GOOD THING THEY HAVE A MAID WHO KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A ROOM LOOK COZY!

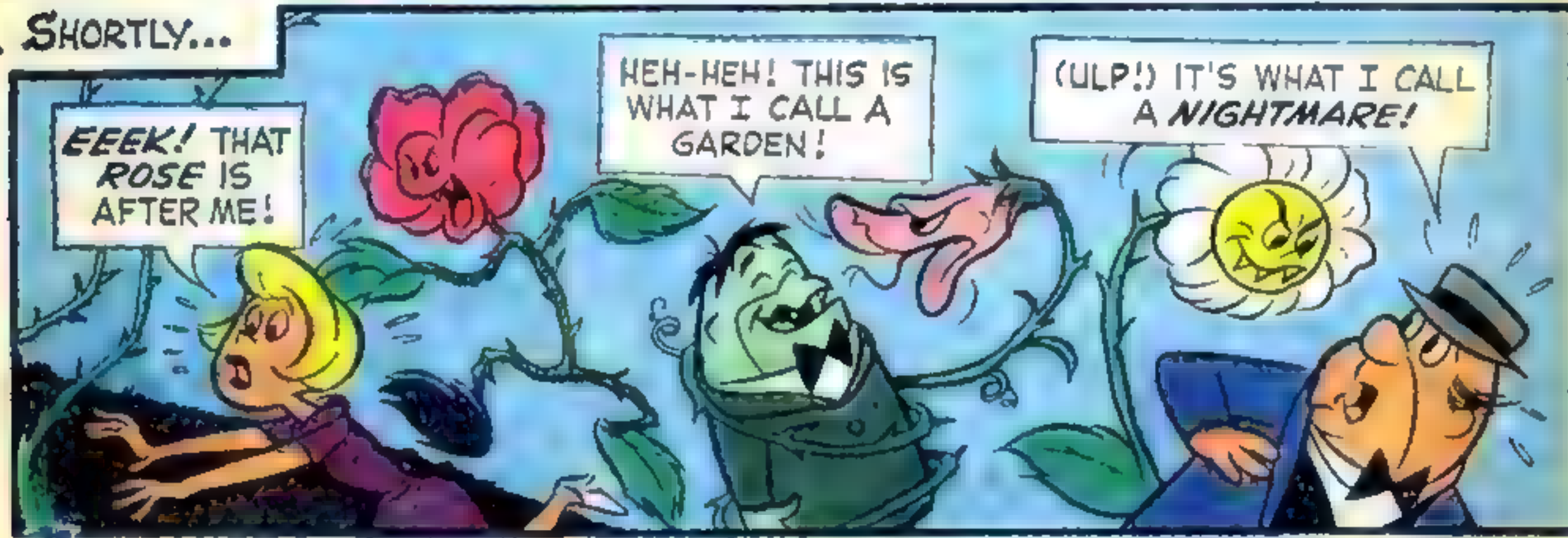


SHORTLY...

EEK! THAT ROSE IS AFTER ME!

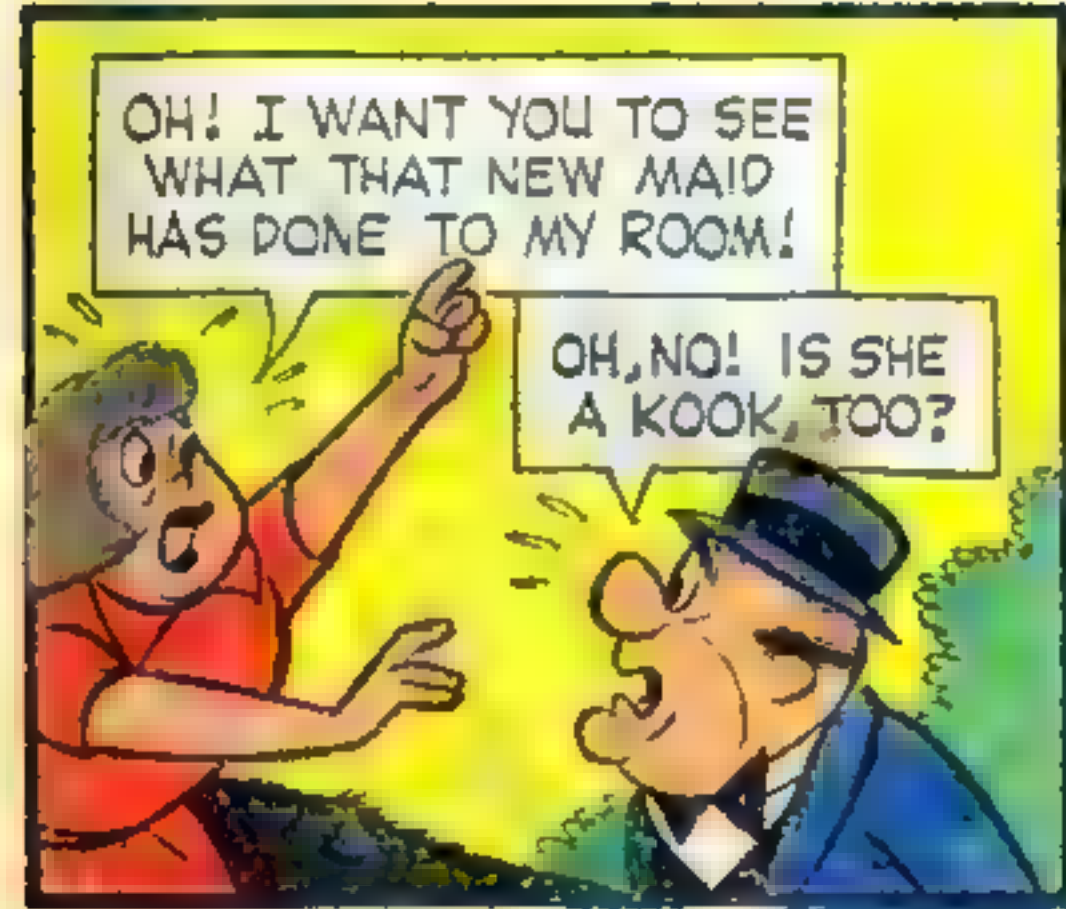
HEH-HEH! THIS IS WHAT I CALL A GARDEN!

(ULP!) IT'S WHAT I CALL A NIGHTMARE!

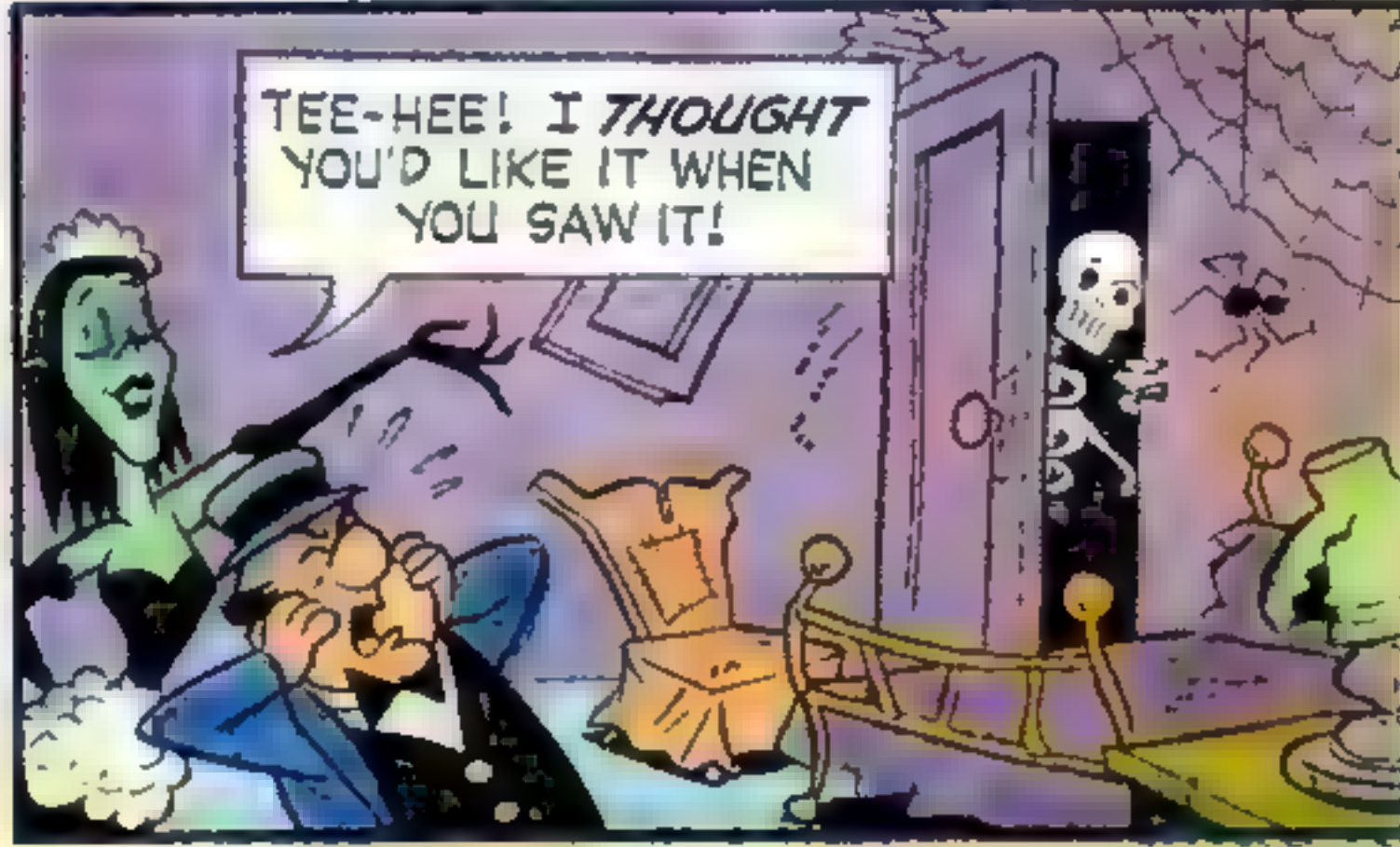


OH! I WANT YOU TO SEE WHAT THAT NEW MAID HAS DONE TO MY ROOM!

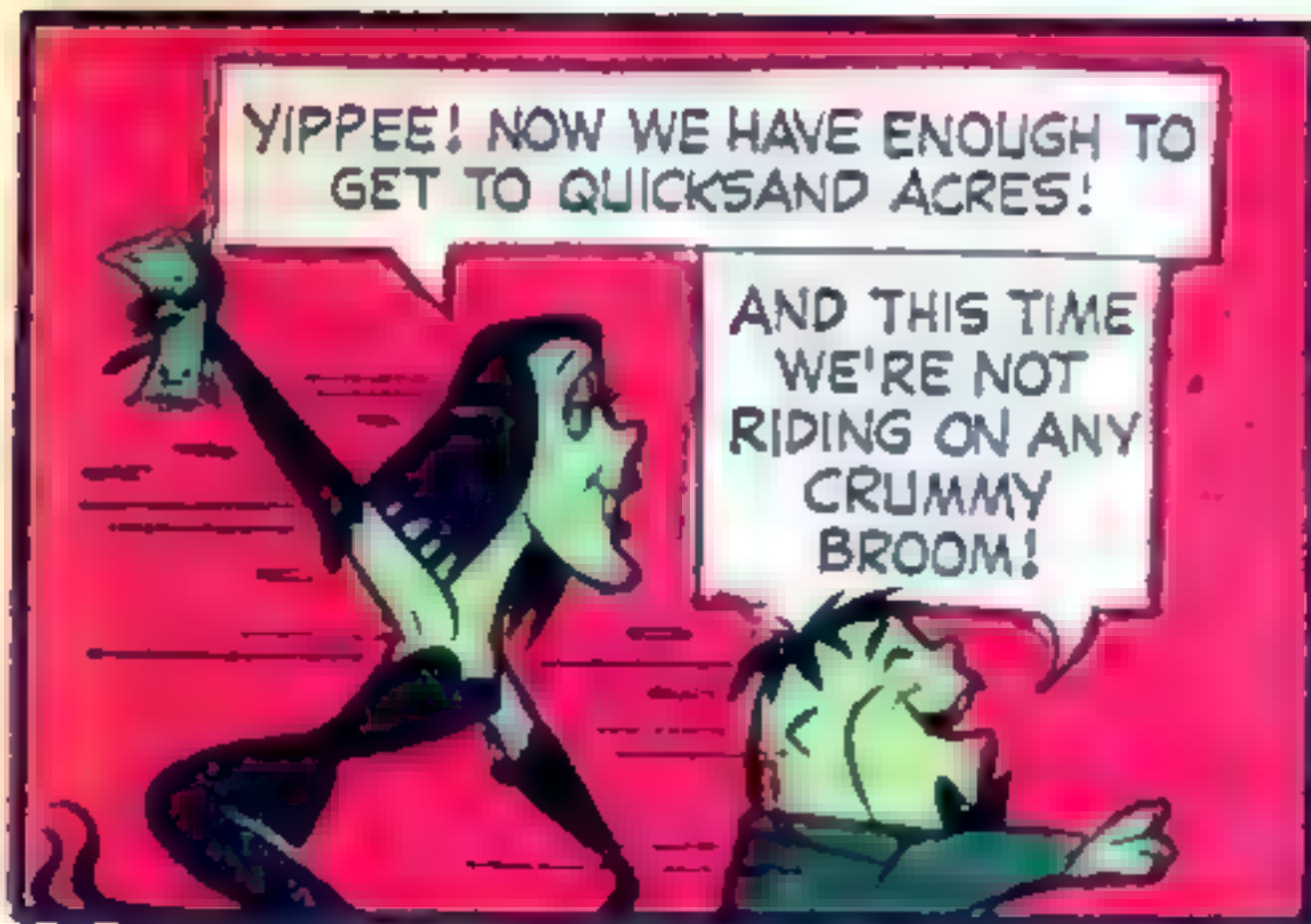
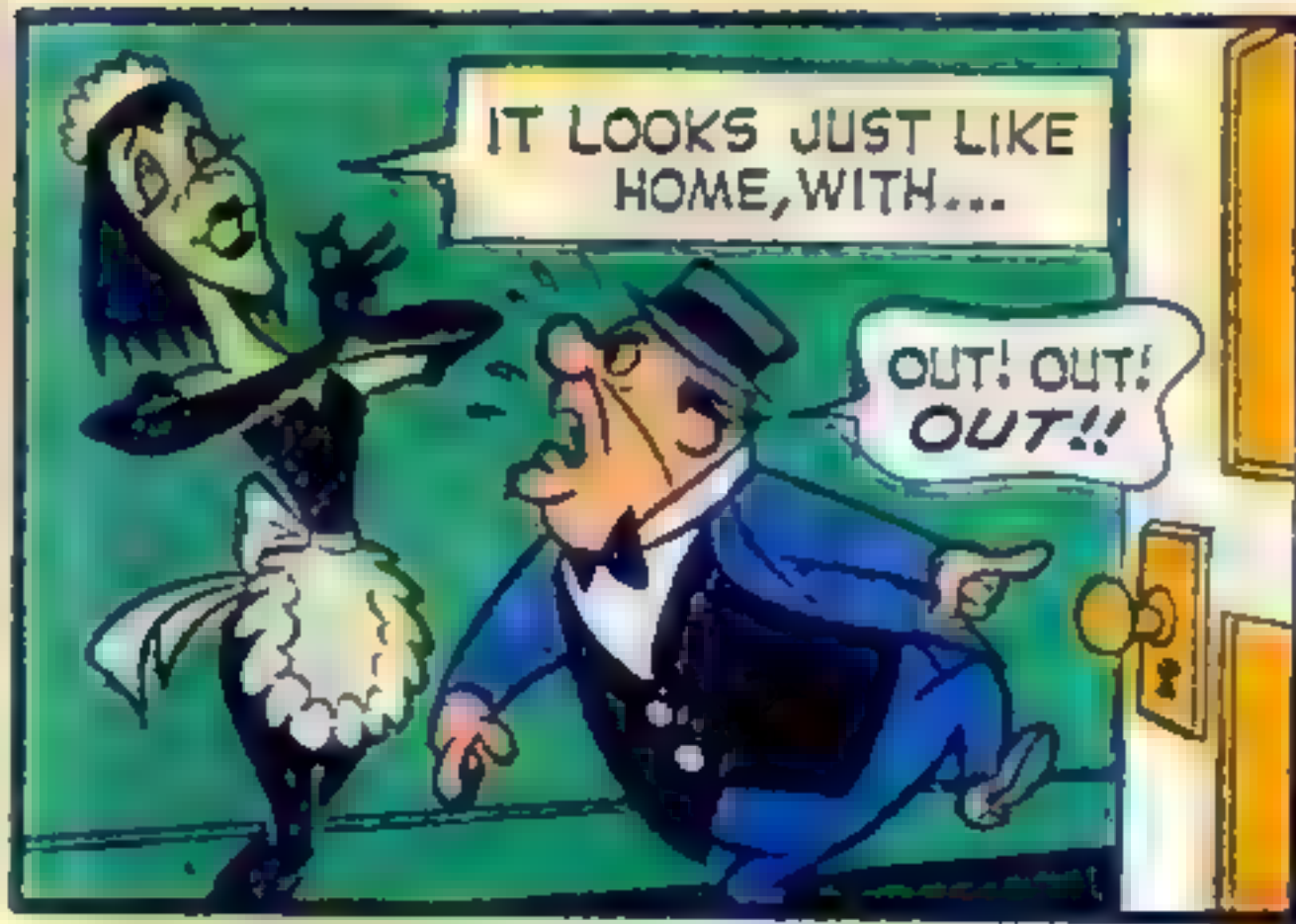
OH, NO! IS SHE A KOOK, TOO?



TEE-HEE! I *THOUGHT* YOU'D LIKE IT WHEN YOU SAW IT!









# Going Batty



Perry Gunnite dashed into the Dankee Stadium locker room and found Homer Runn sitting dejectedly on the bench.

"I've lost my lucky bat," sighed Homer. "I can't find it anyplace. We've got a big game coming up in an hour and I just can't get a hit without my lucky bat! If you don't trace it for me by game time, I'm done. It's got a big 'R' on the handle."

"Don't worry, Homer," replied Perry. "I'll find that bat or my name isn't Homer Runn. Oh, wait a minute, that's your name, isn't it? Well, I'll find your bat, anyway."

Soon, Perry returned sadly to the locker room to give Homer the bad news. He'd gone through the whole stadium . . . even searched under all the seats, and he had only found a lot of used chewing gum.

Homer was very upset. "I might as well take a shower and go home!" he grumbled to his teammate, Peter Popoff.

When Homer opened the shower door he got a big surprise. Two kids were huddled inside with his baseball bat. They dashed from the locker room before Homer could grab them.

"Save your strength for the game," Perry yelled. "I'll catch them, or my name isn't . . . isn't . . . well, I'll catch them. . ."

Perry chased the two kids out of the stadium and across the street, cleverly cornering them in a vacant lot.

"Okay, kids, where's the bat?" he asked.

"We dropped it in the street," cried one of the little boys. "Honest!"

Sure enough, the bat was lying in the street. But before Perry could get to it, a big truck rolled right over the bat, breaking it into splinters.

Perry was very angry with the boys, but his heart softened a little when they broke

into tears and told them Homer was their hero and they only wanted the bat for a souvenir. He figured the kids had been punished enough and let them go. Perry might not be able to remember his own name, but he could remember what it's like to be a kid.

He walked back into the stadium, hating to tell Homer the news. As he passed a rack of bats, he had an idea. He grabbed one of them and sneaked into a side room.

"This lucky bat stuff is superstition anyway," he mused. "I'll carve an 'R' on this bat, and Homer won't know the difference."

Then Perry noticed that the bat already had a big "P" carved on it. But that was no problem. He just added a little line and the "P" became an "R."

"I found your bat, Homer," smiled Perry.

"Hooray! I better get right into the game," shouted Homer, grabbing the bat from Perry's hand.

Perry's plan worked out fine. Homer *didn't* know the difference, and he made six home runs with the "lucky" bat . . . leading his team to victory.

After the game, Perry decided to tell Homer the truth so he wouldn't rely on silly things like lucky bats.

Down in the locker room with the other players, he told Homer how he altered the "P" to an "R" and gave him another bat.

"Gee, I guess I don't need a lucky bat after all," grinned Homer.

"Grrrr! I do!" yelled Peter Popoff. "That was my lucky bat with a 'P' you swiped. I didn't have it and I struck out six times!"

He lunged angrily at Perry.

But the story has a happy ending. Perry arrived safe at home before Peter Popoff could strike him out. . . out cold, that is.



Hanna-Barbera

# THE FLINTSTONES YANKS FOR THE MEMORY

REPRINTED  
BY POPULAR  
DEMAND

(PHEW!) PEBBLES IS  
ONE TENTH OUR SIZE  
BUT HAS TEN TIMES  
AS MUCH STUFF!

THAT'S THE  
WAY IT IS WITH  
BABIES, FRED! THEY  
NEED ALL SORTS  
OF SPECIAL  
EQUIPMENT!



BY THE TIME  
I LOAD AND  
UNLOAD, THE  
WEEKEND  
WILL BE  
OVER!

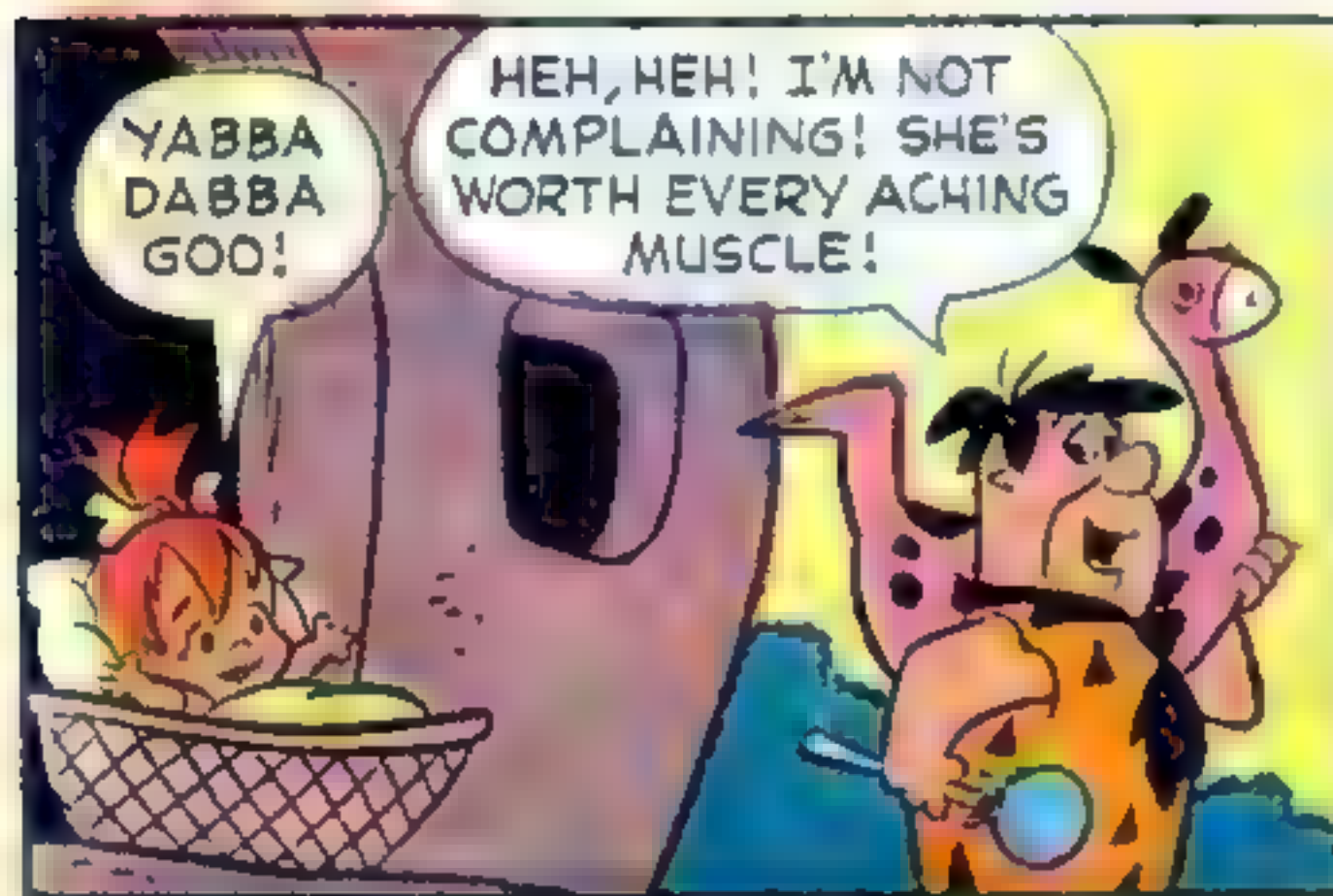


WELL, IT WAS  
YOUR IDEA TO  
SPEND THE  
WEEKEND AT  
THE LAKE!



YABBA  
DABBA  
GOO!

HEH, HEH! I'M NOT  
COMPLAINING! SHE'S  
WORTH EVERY ACHING  
MUSCLE!



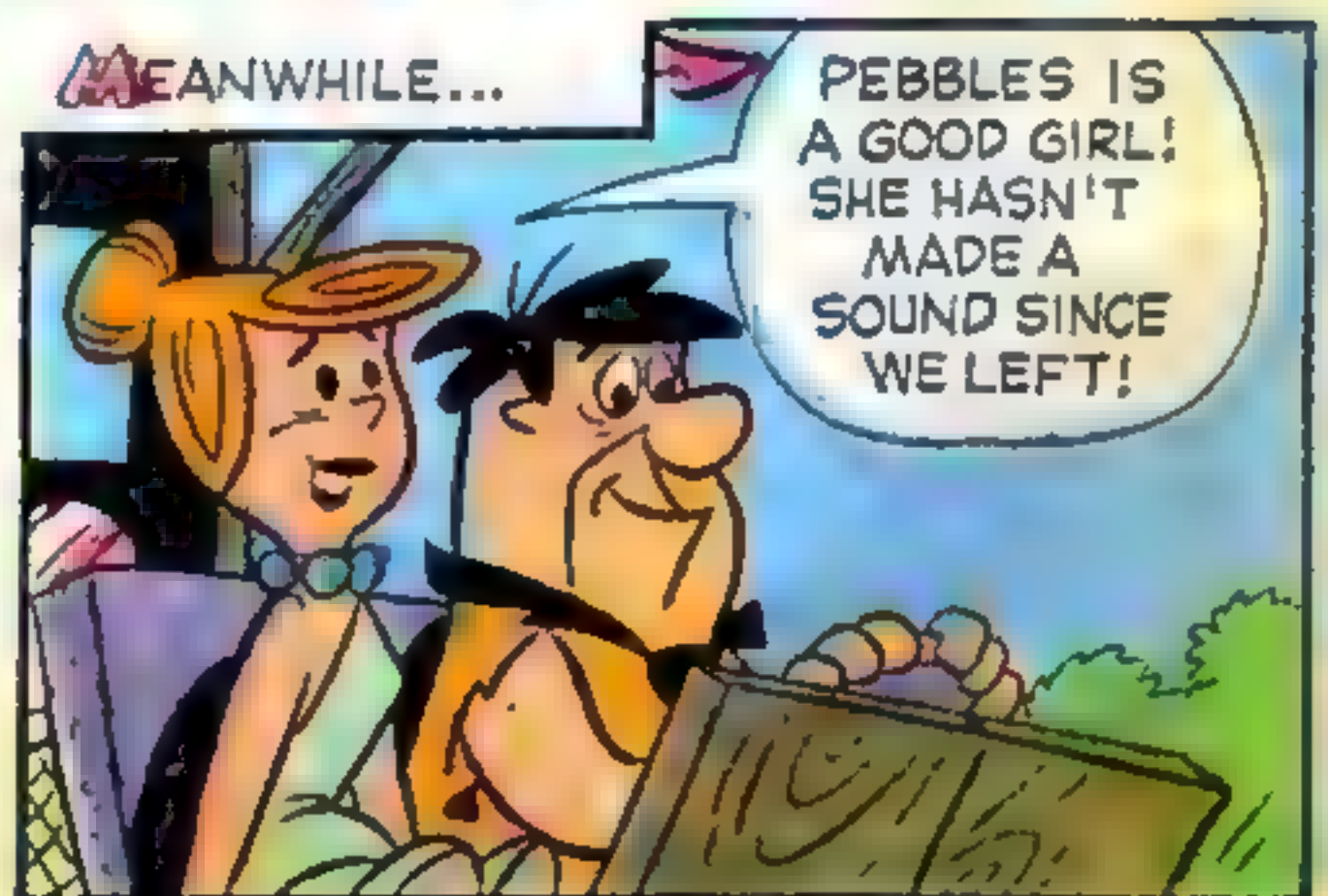
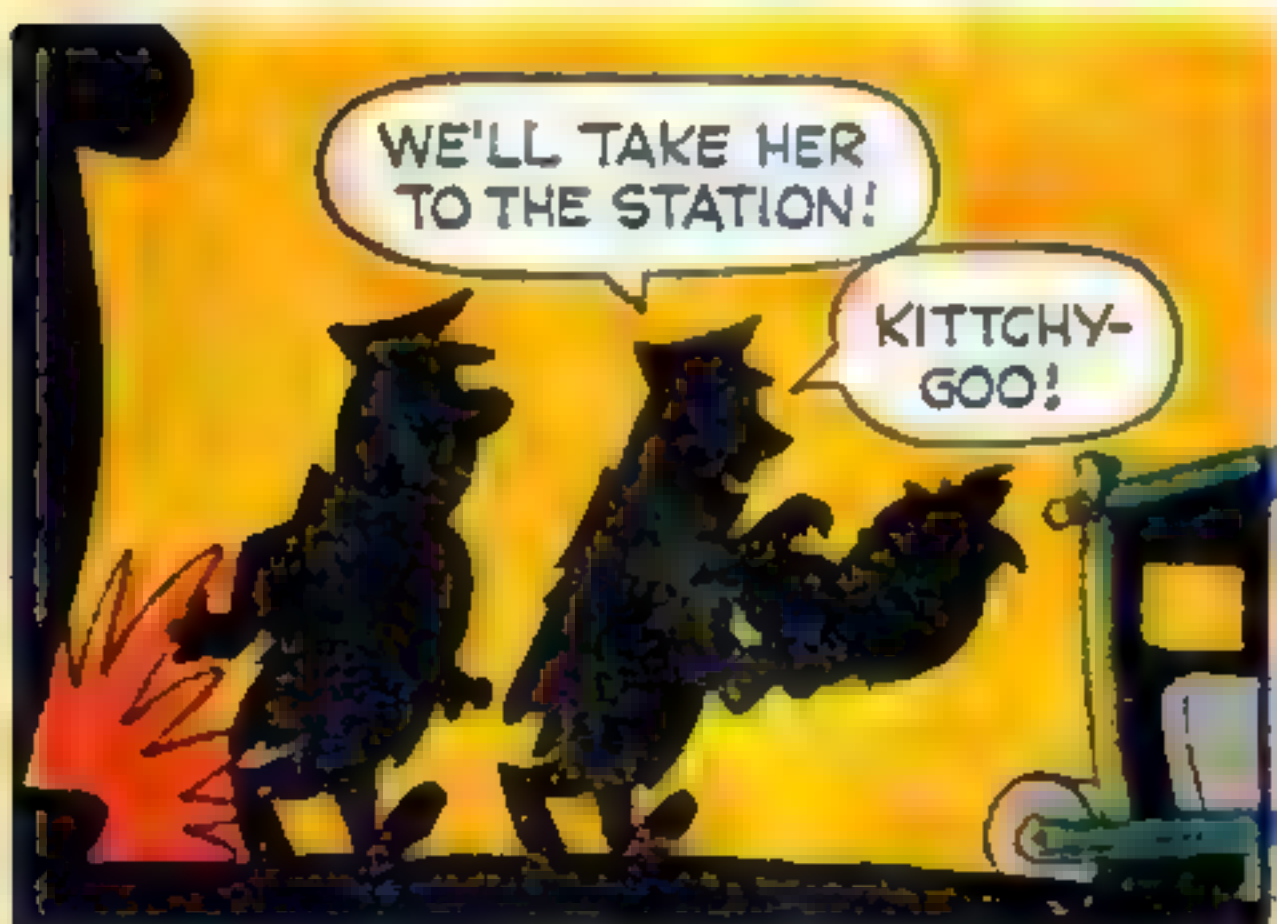
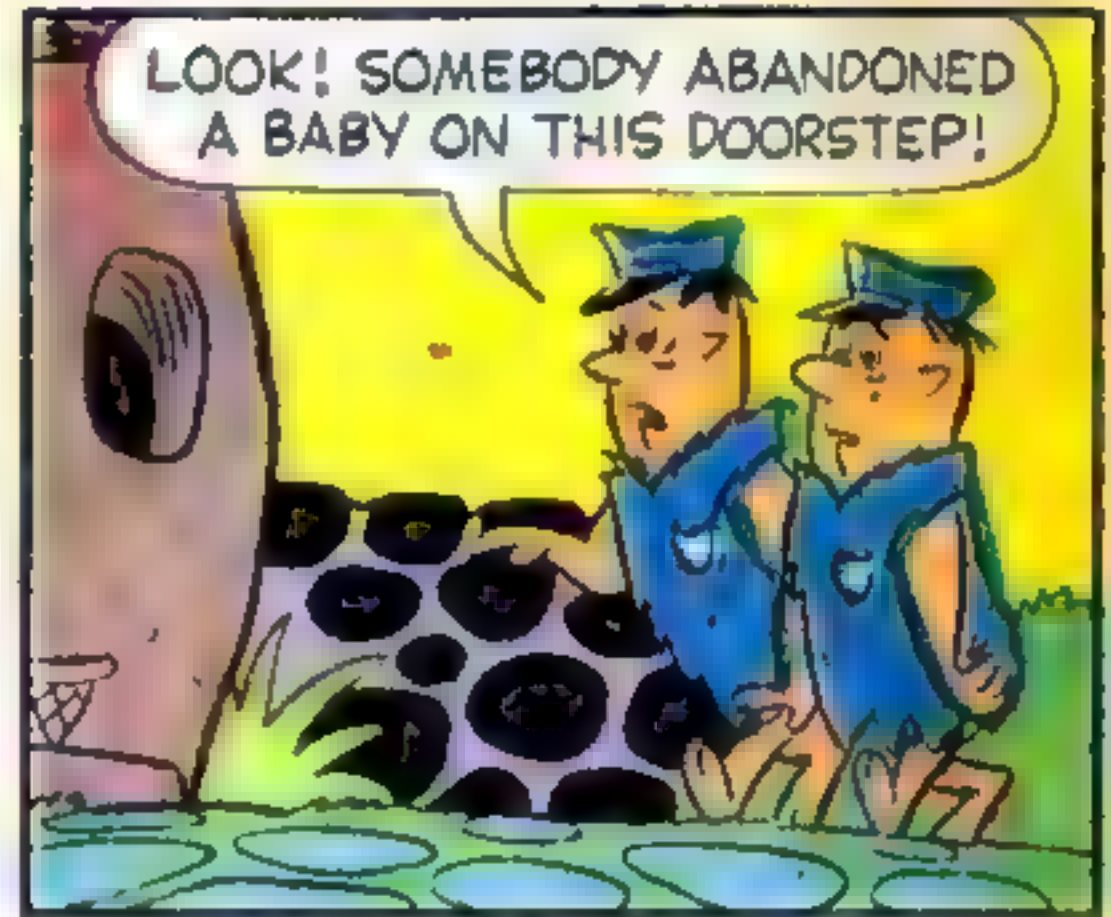
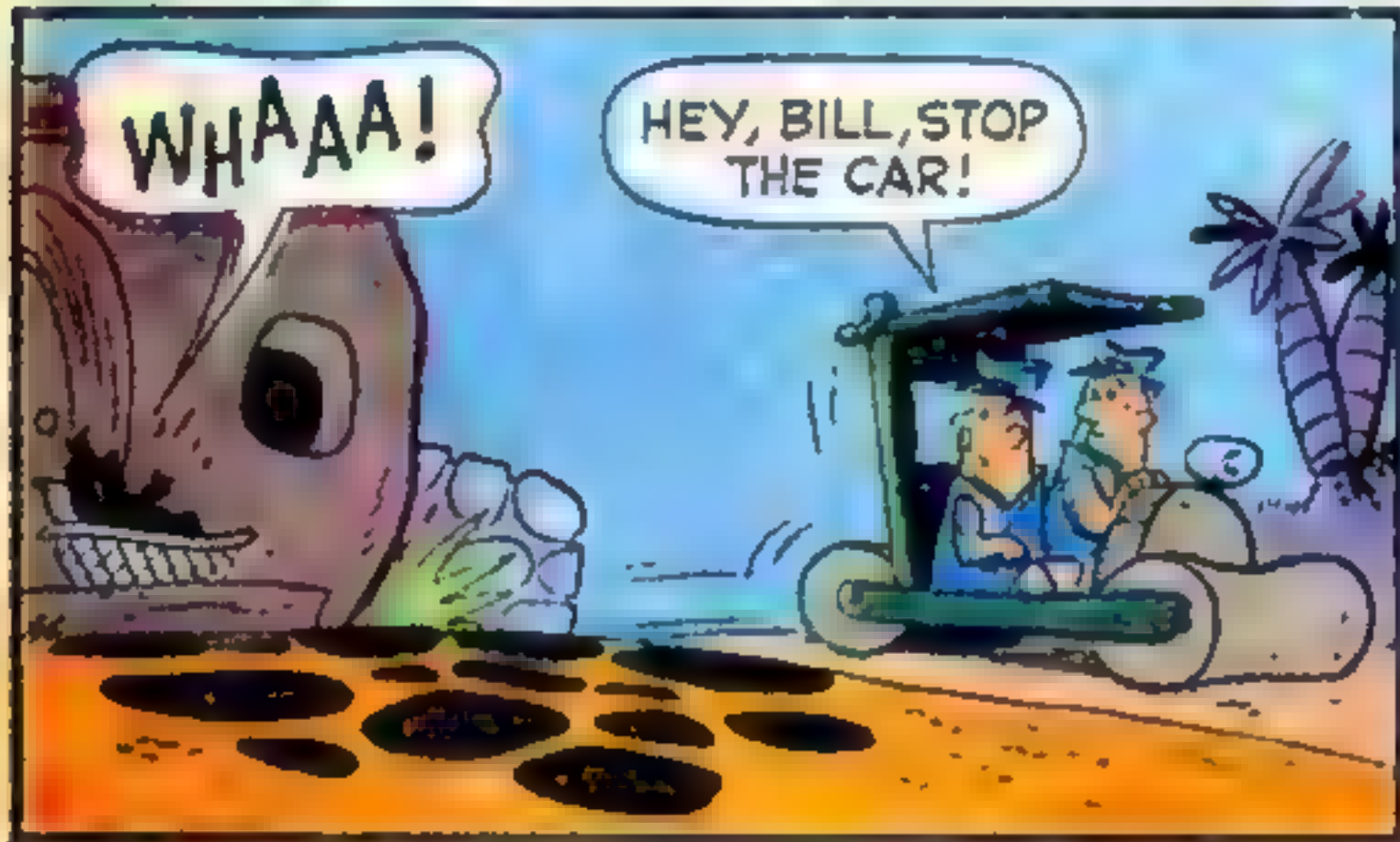
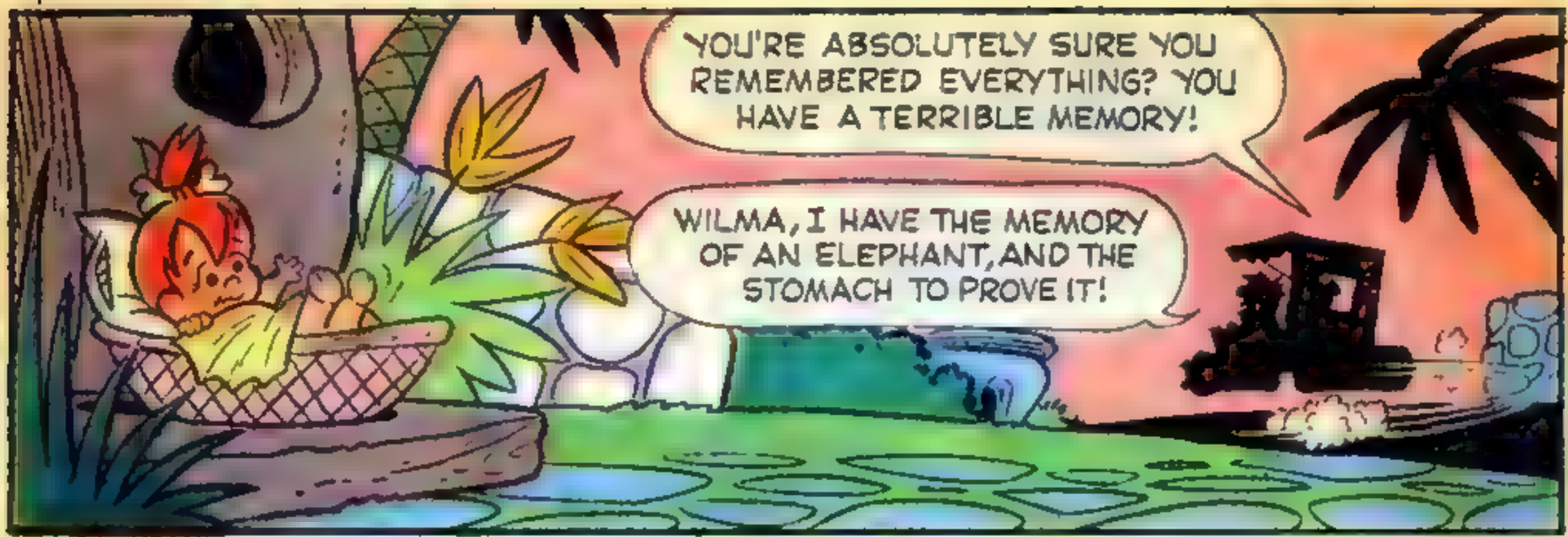
A HEAP OF HAULING LATER...

AND AWAY  
WE GO!

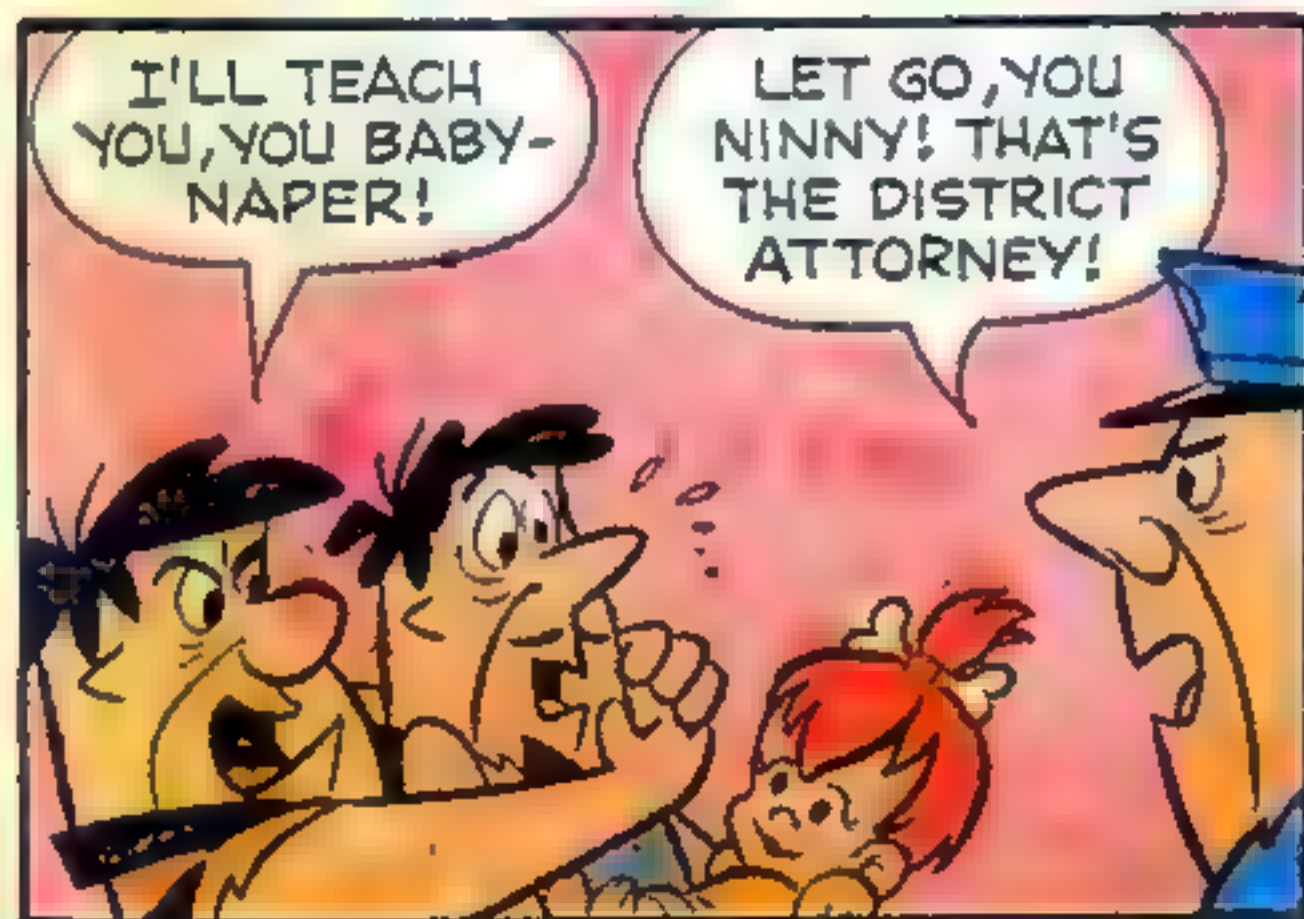
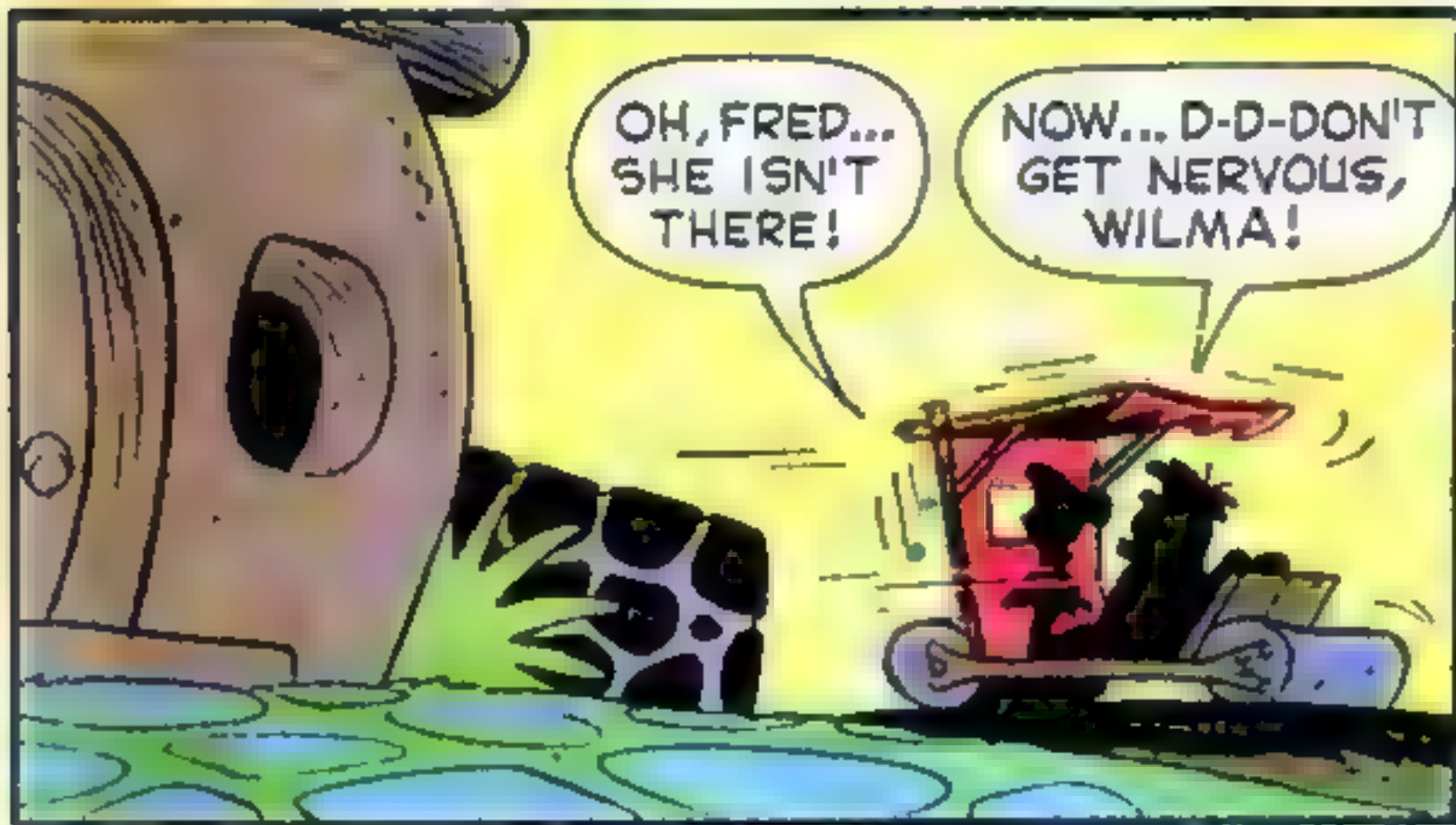
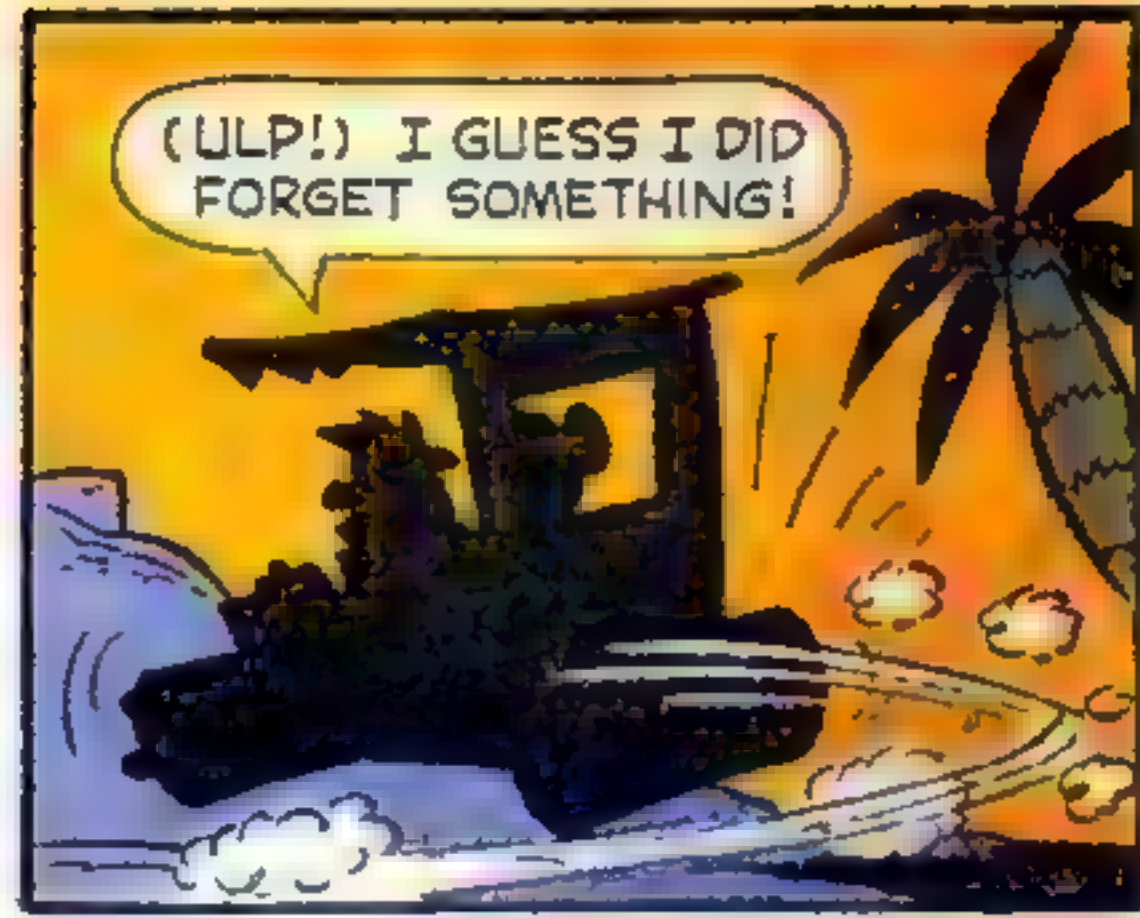
AT  
LONG  
LAST!









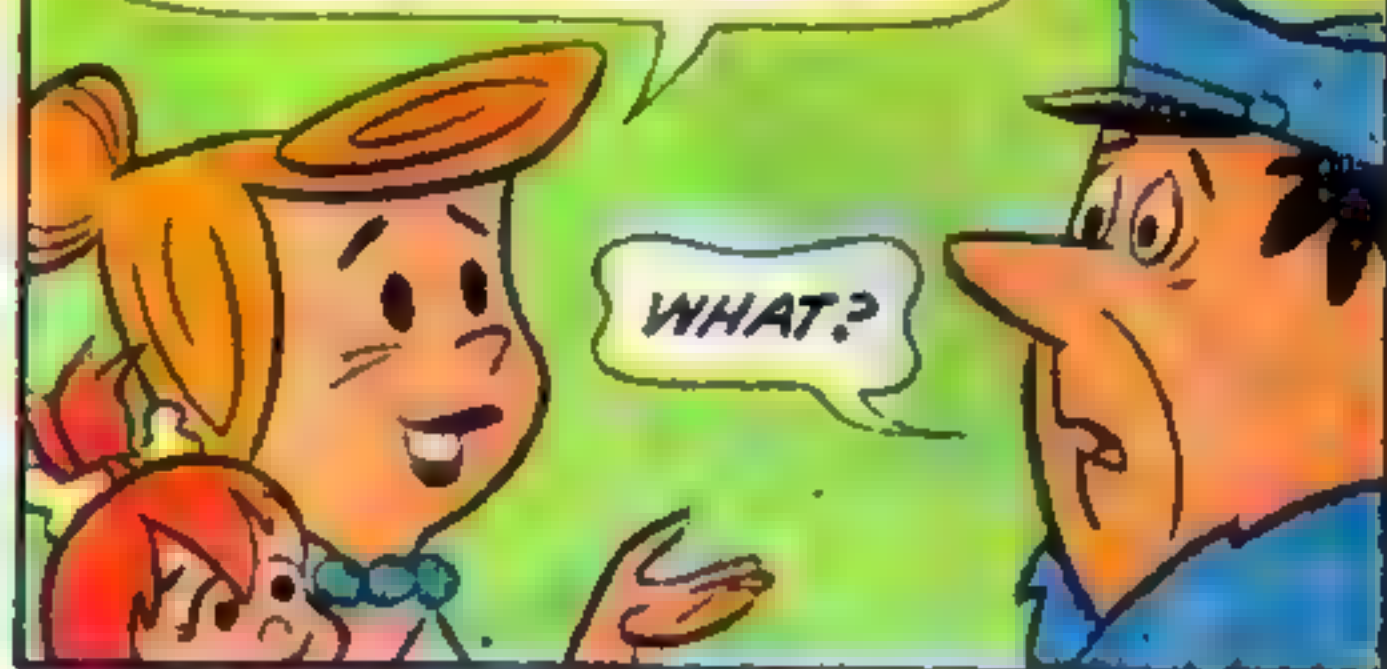




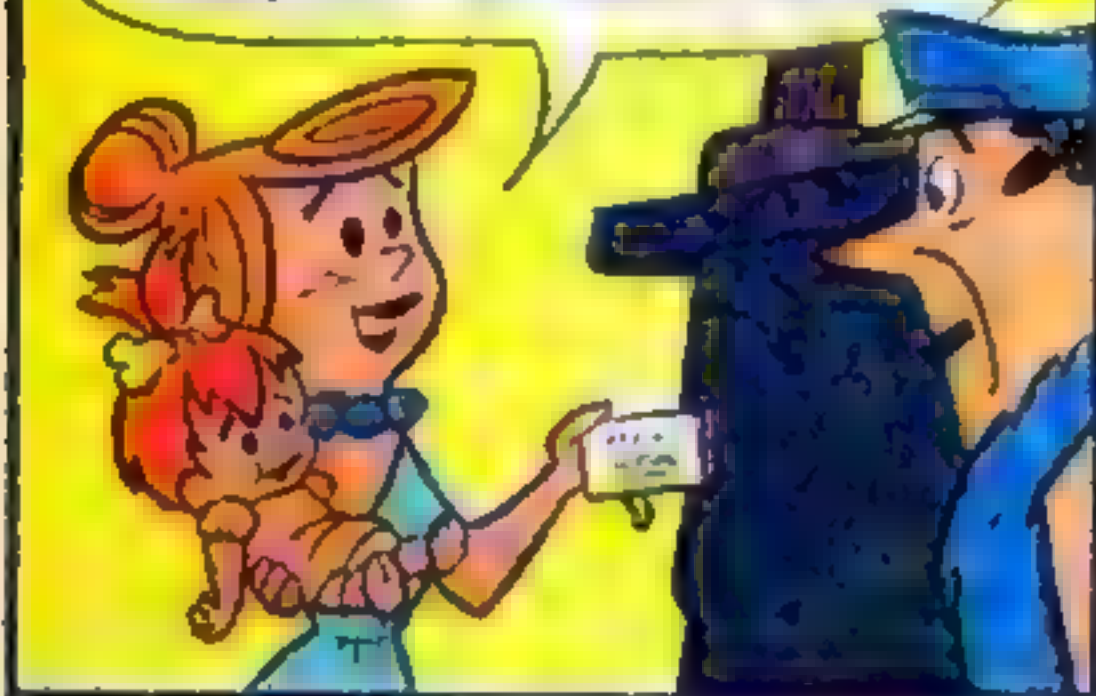
JUST A MINUTE, BUSTER! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'LL BE ARRESTED FOR ABANDONING THIS CHILD ON A DOORSTEP!



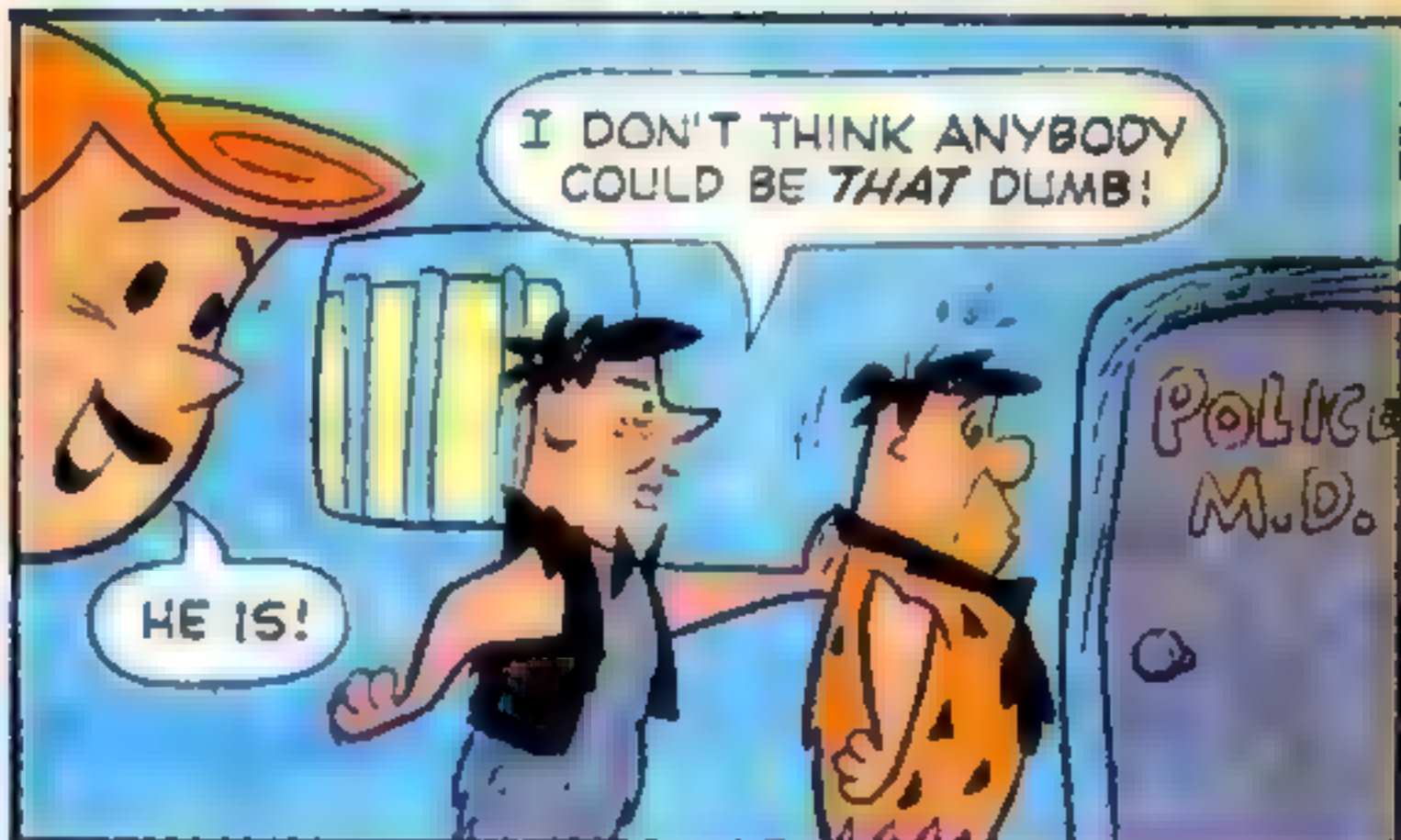
ER...IT IS MY HUSBAND'S FAULT, BUT I CAN EXPLAIN! THAT WAS OUR OWN DOORSTEP!



UH-HUH! TWENTY-EIGHT STONE DRIVE! HE WAS PACKING UP THE CAR, AND HE FORGOT HER!

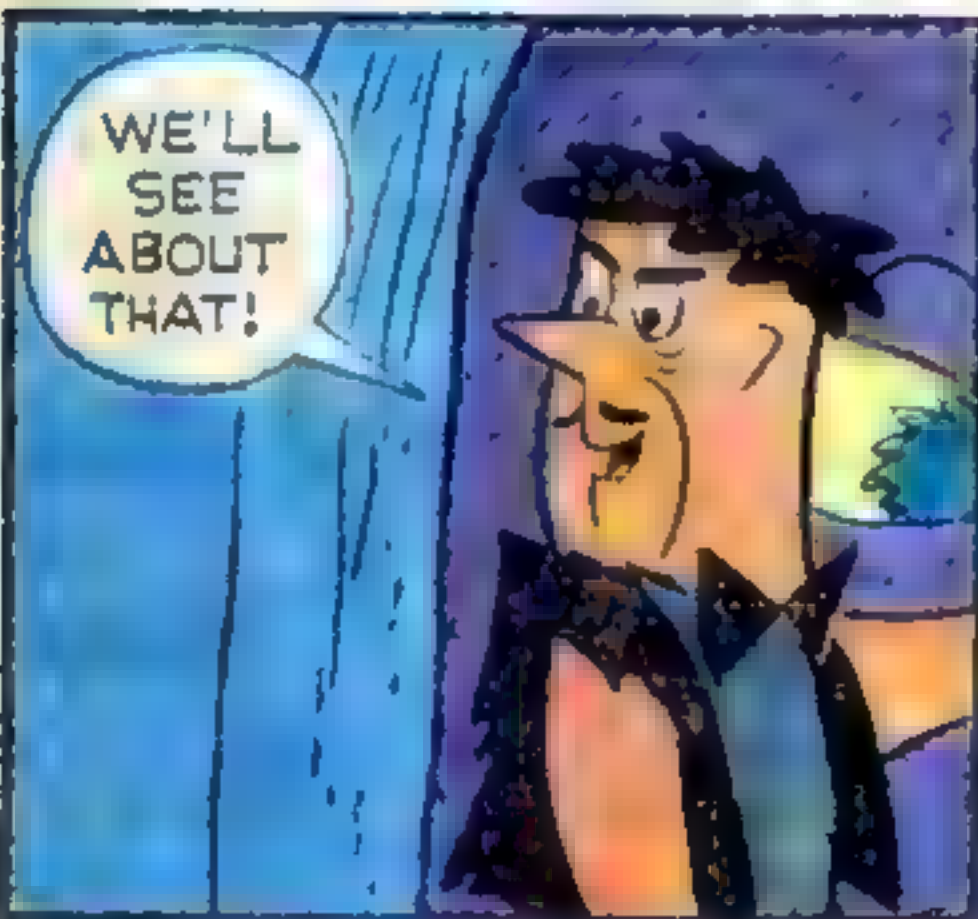


I DON'T THINK ANYBODY COULD BE THAT DUMB!



HE IS!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



AFTER A BRIEF EXAMINATION...



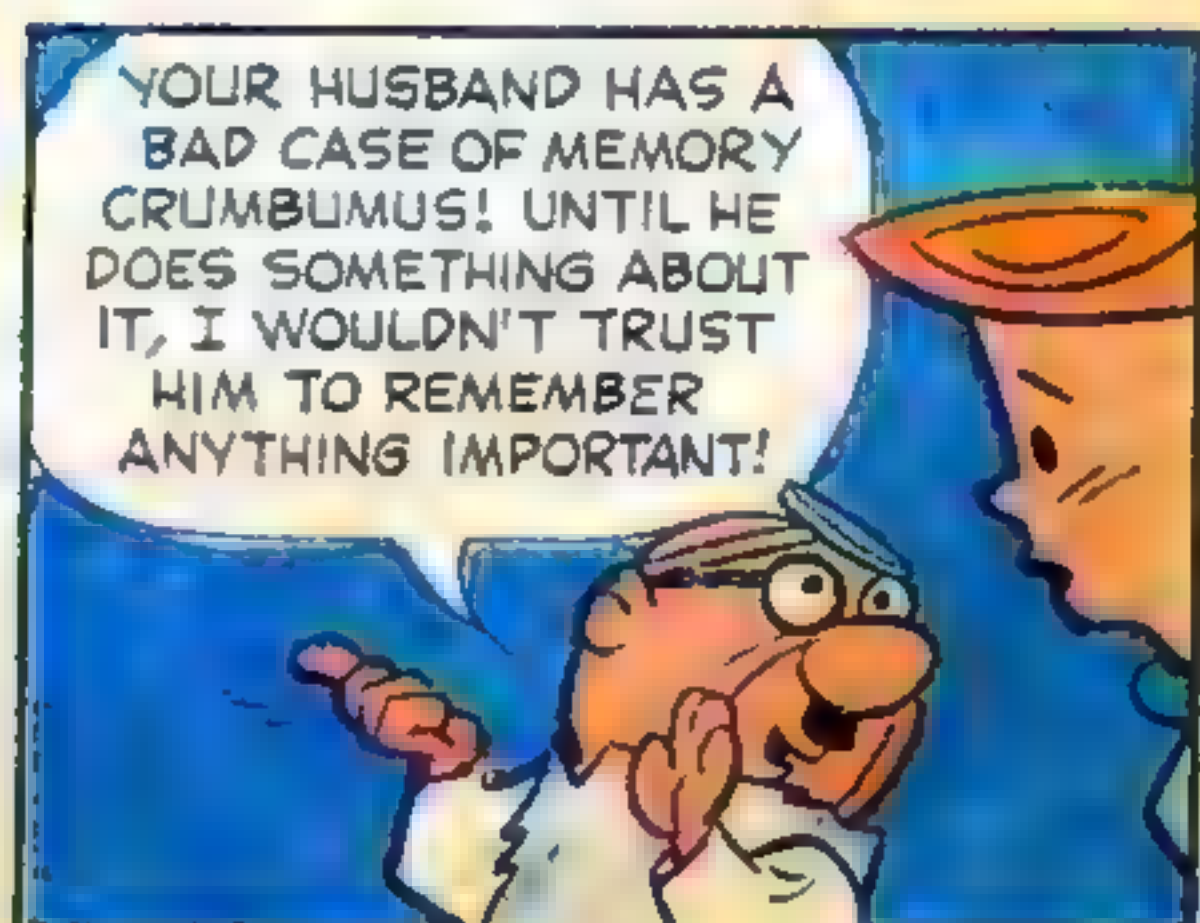
I'M HAPPY TO REPORT THAT MR. FLINTSTONE IS PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF PULLING SUCH A STUPID STUNT!

THANKS A LOT! CAN I GO NOW?

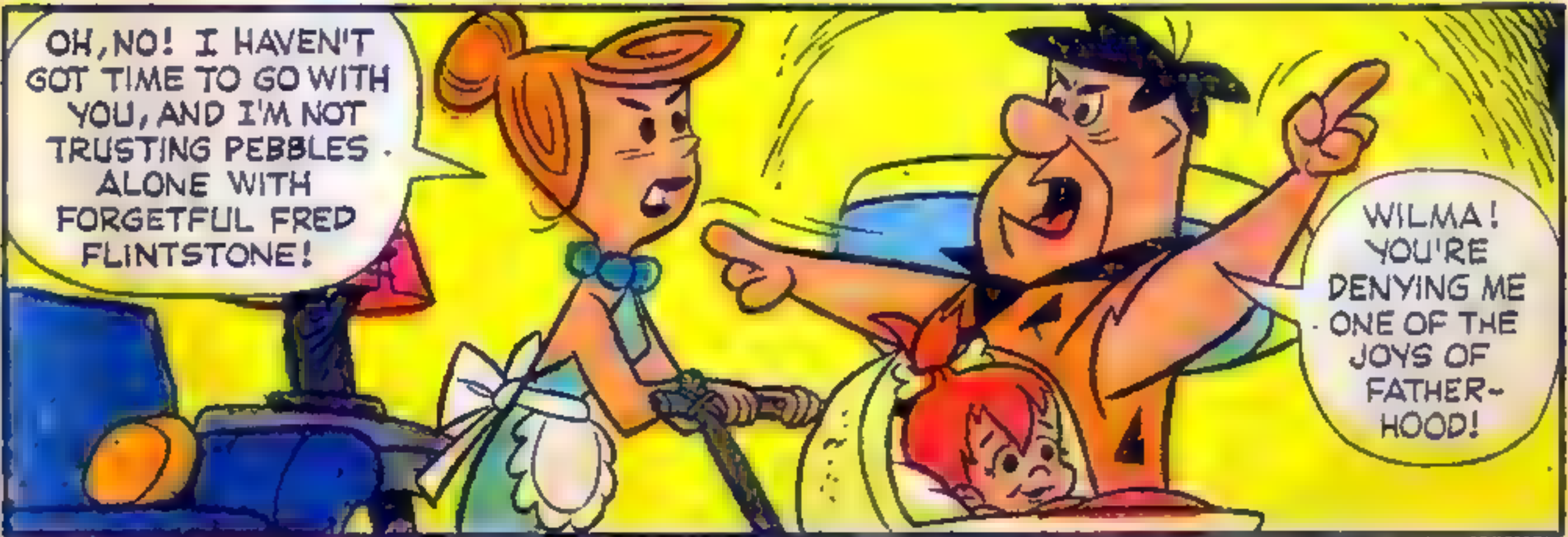
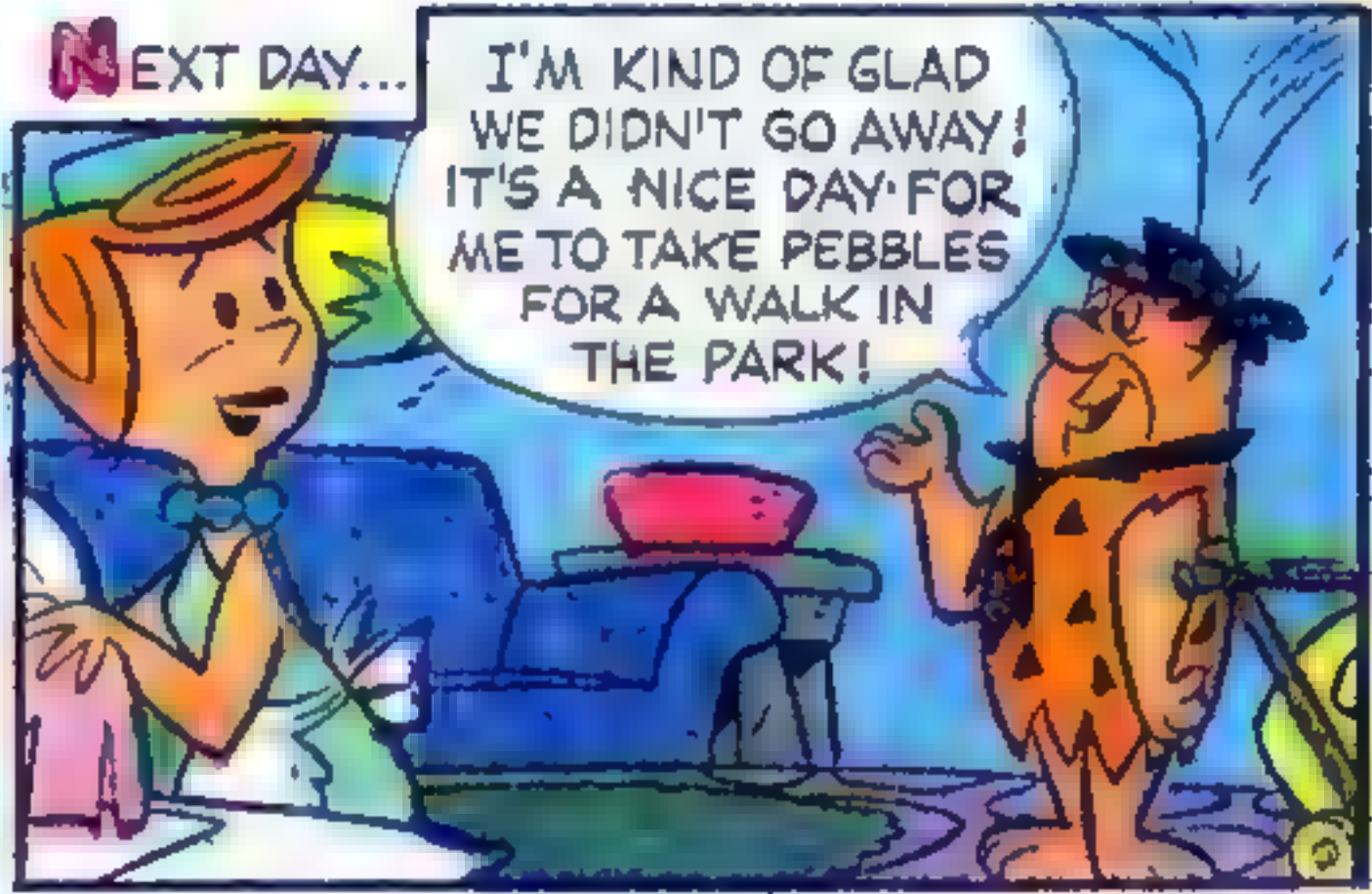
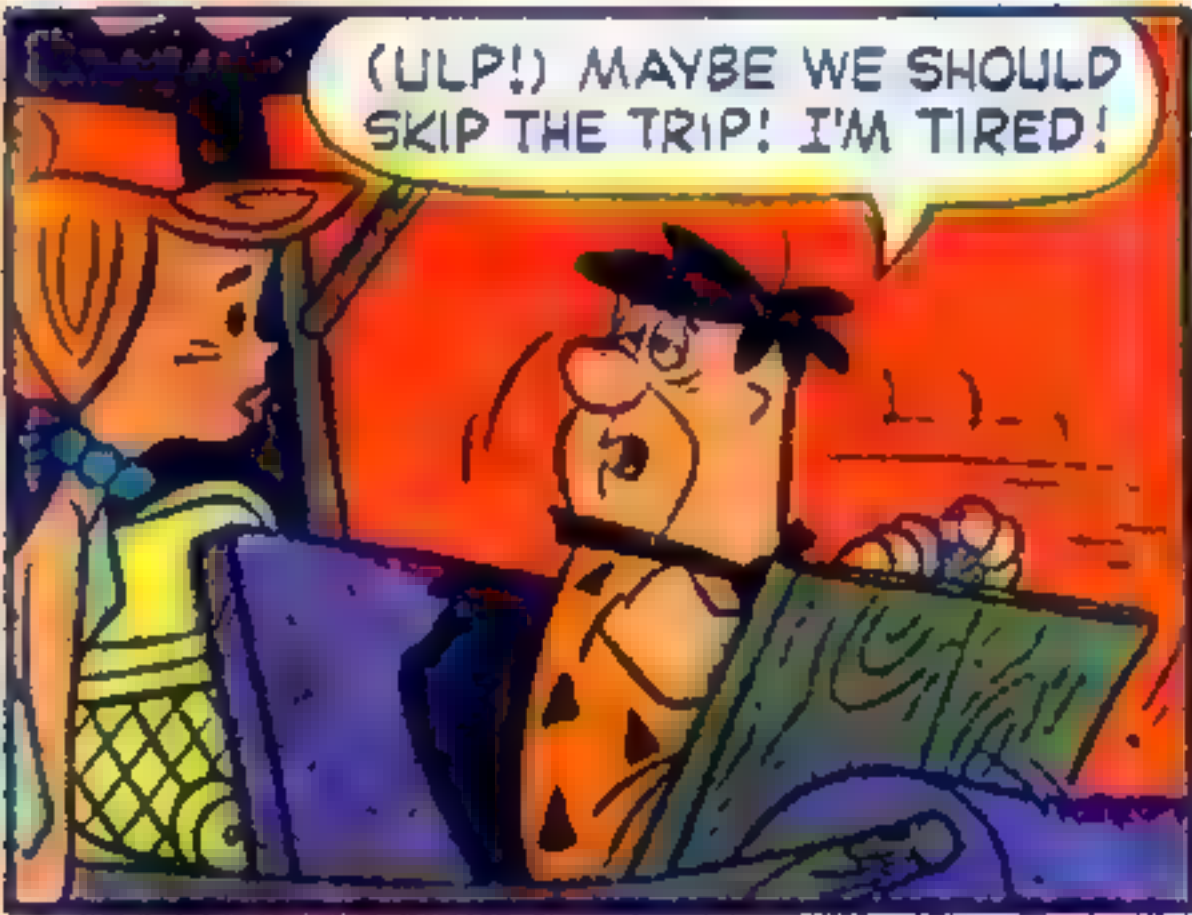
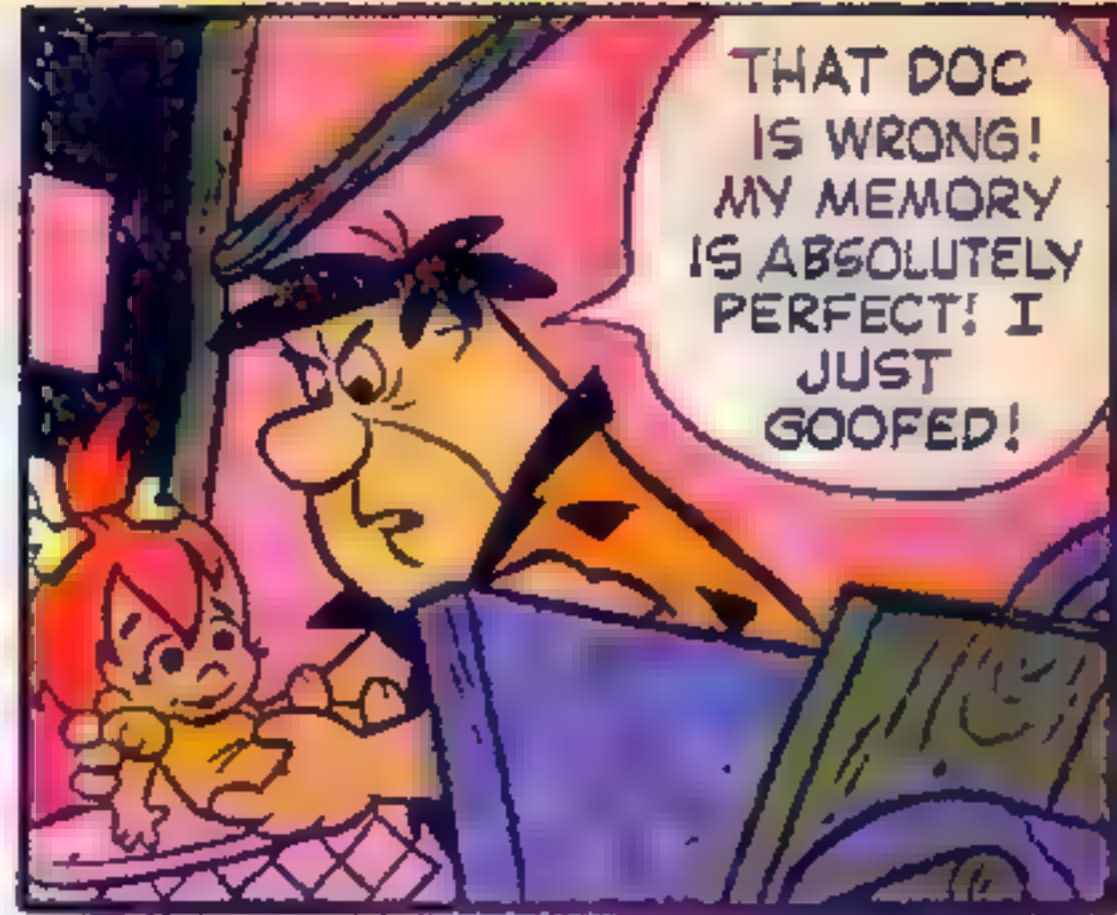
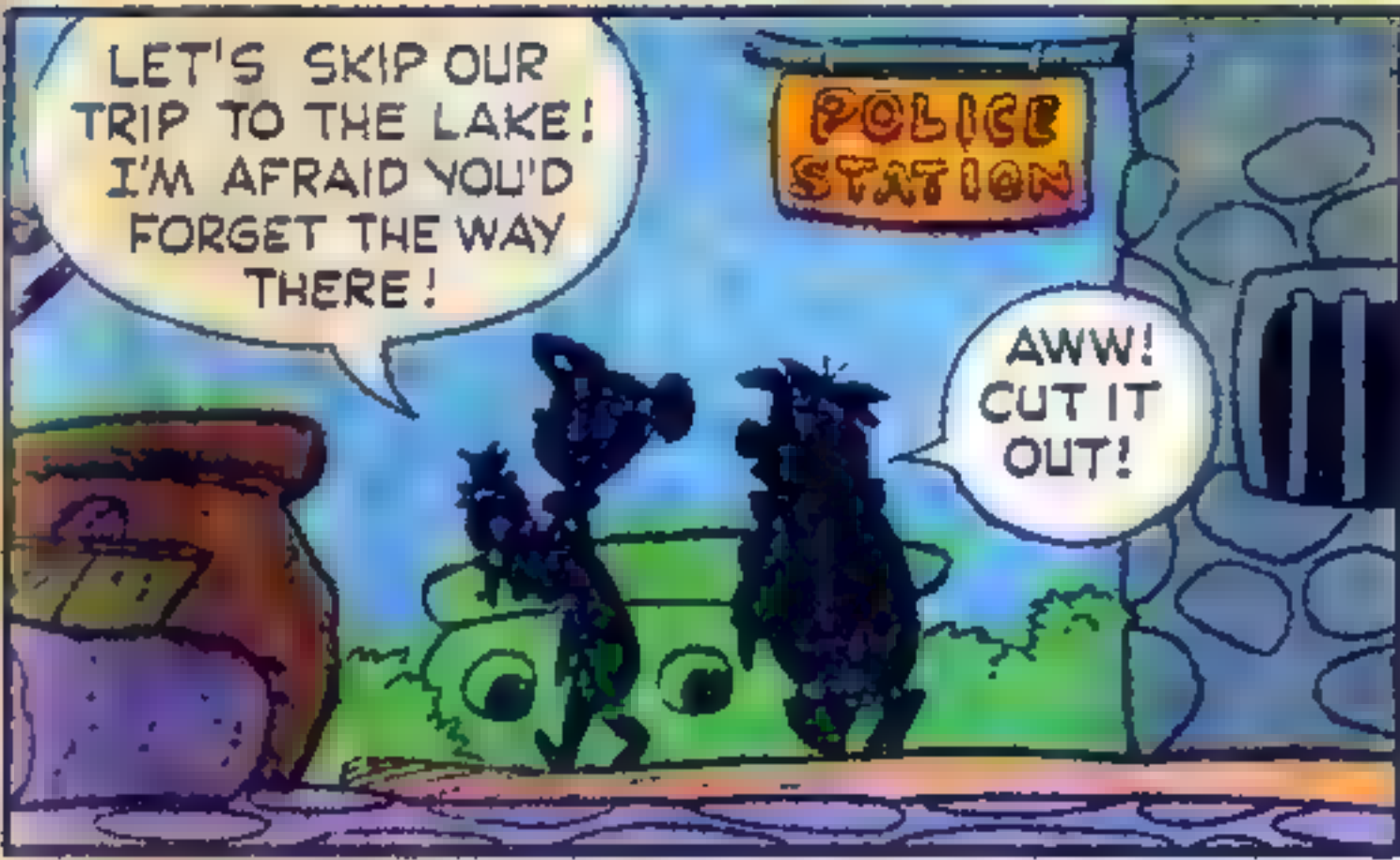


I GUESS SO!

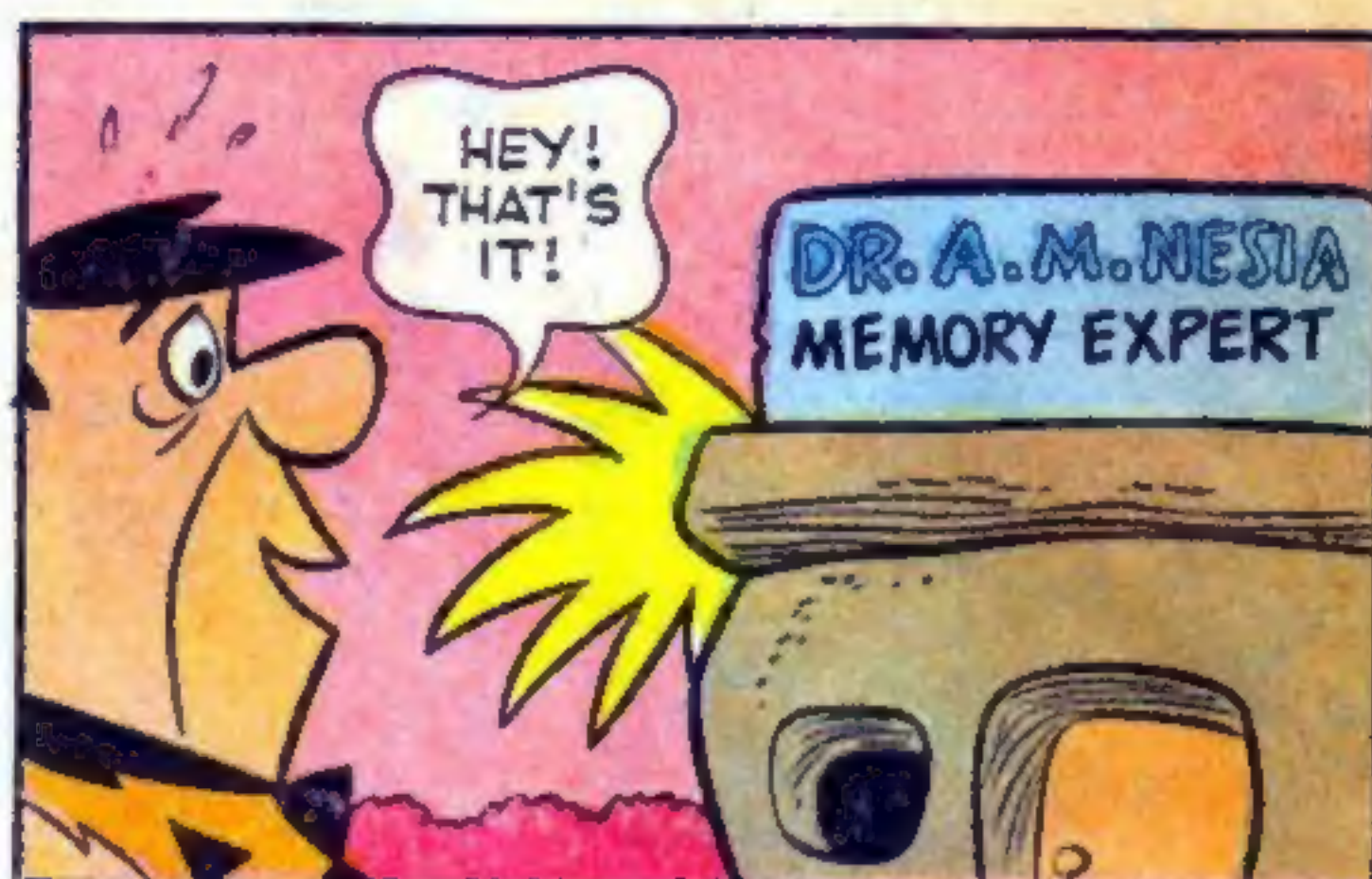
YOUR HUSBAND HAS A BAD CASE OF MEMORY CRUMBUMUS! UNTIL HE DOES SOMETHING ABOUT IT, I WOULDN'T TRUST HIM TO REMEMBER ANYTHING IMPORTANT!



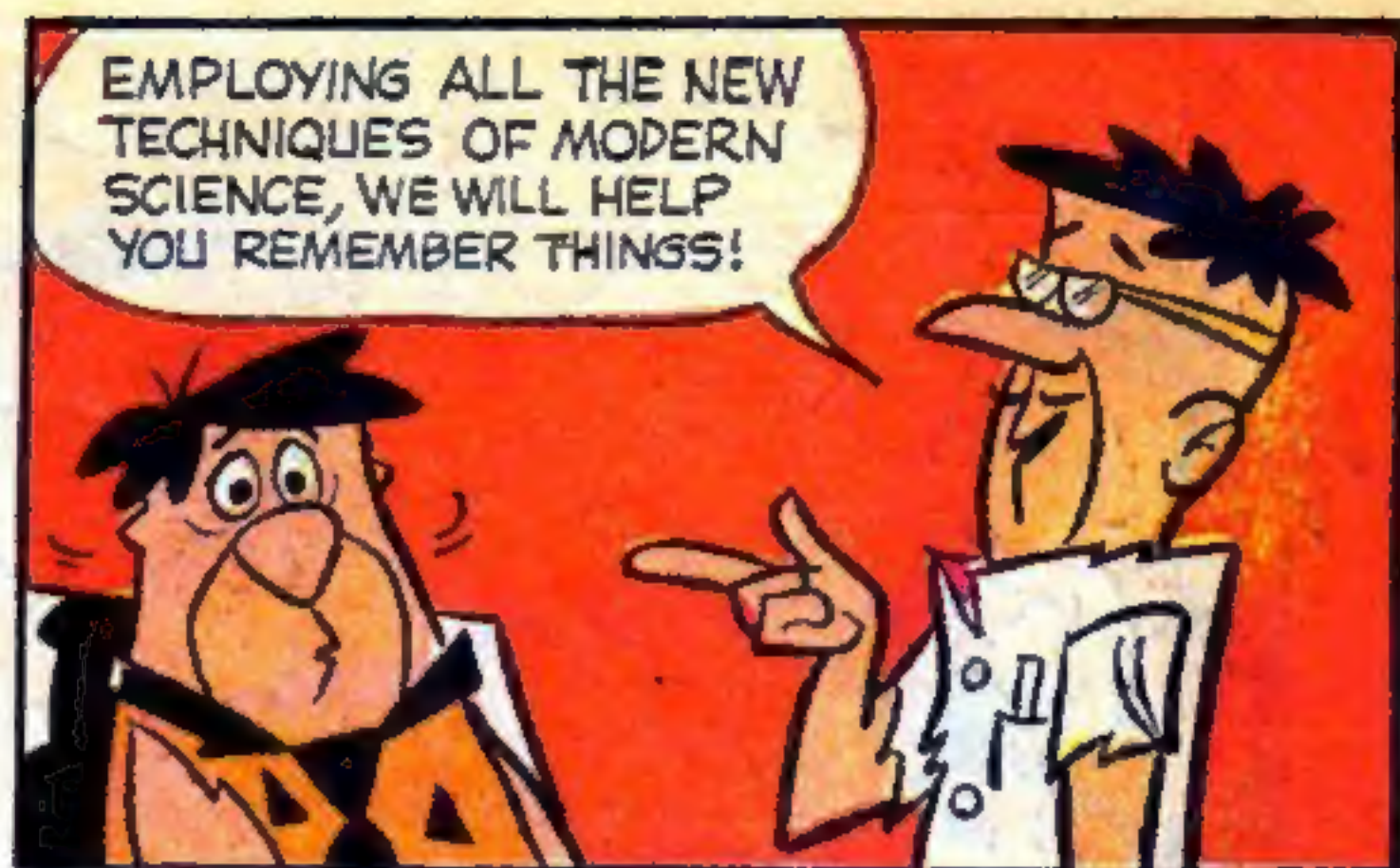














HEH-HEH! THAT'S ONE  
THING I NEVER FORGET!

I'LL  
BET!

BAH! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO  
RESIGN MYSELF TO WILMA'S  
DECREE ABOUT NOT TAKING  
PEBBLES FOR WALKS ALONE!

WAIT A  
MINUTE! MAYBE  
THE OLD STRING  
ON THE FINGER  
BIT WOULD  
WORK, AFTER  
ALL!

**S**HORTLY...

NO, FRED!  
YOU'VE TRIED  
TYING STRINGS  
ON YOUR FINGERS  
BEFORE, AND ALL  
YOU WOUND UP  
WITH WAS  
STRINGY  
FINGERS!

BUT I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU THE  
WHOLE PLAN... PSST... PSST...

HMM!  
I THINK  
YOU'VE  
FINALLY  
HAD A  
GOOD  
IDEA!

**S**o...

HEH-HEH!  
A STRING ON  
THE FINGER  
IS A GOOD  
WAY TO  
REMEMBER  
SOME-  
THING...

...IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO TIE  
THE OTHER END OF THE STRING!  
YABBA-DABBA-DO!





## MINI-COMICS



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